





WEB COMIC
UNIVERSE.COM

ATOM THE CAT

in
YOU'D BETTER

52122

OH, ATOM, I'M SO
THRILLED BY YOUR
BUYING ME A
HAT FOR MY
BIRTHDAY!

ANW, SHUCKS...
THINK NOTHING
OF IT, CORA!

WHAT ABOUT THIS ONE
ATOM? DO YOU THINK
I SHOULD TURN
IT DOWN?

HMM...
HOW
MUCH
IS IT?

OH... JUST FIFTY
DOLLARS!

50
\$

GULP!

YUP, CORA...

...YOU'D BETTER
TURN IT DOWN!

HAT
SHOP

END

ATOM THE CAT

Volume 1, Number 12

AUGUST, 1968

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ATOM THE CAT

ATOM THE CAT

ON MONDAY...

WASHINGTON, D.C. STILL CALLING **ATOM THE CAT!** A METEOR IS ABOUT TO COLLIDE WITH EARTH! WHY DON'T YOU ANSWER, ATOM?

KRUNCH!

KRUNCH!

FISHLESS FRIDAY

ATOM, ONLY YOU CAN SAVE US! ATOM, CAN YOU HEAR US?

KRUNCH KRUNCH!

STILL NO ANSWER FROM ATOM EXCEPT THAT CRUNCHING SOUND!

A-AND THE METEOR'S COMING CLOSER AND CLOSER!

KRUNCH! KRUNCH!

LOOK...!

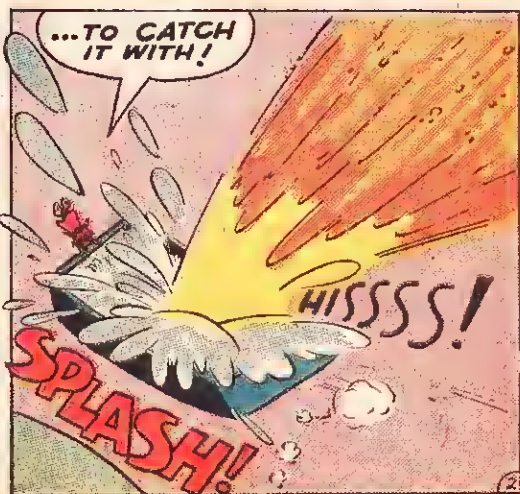
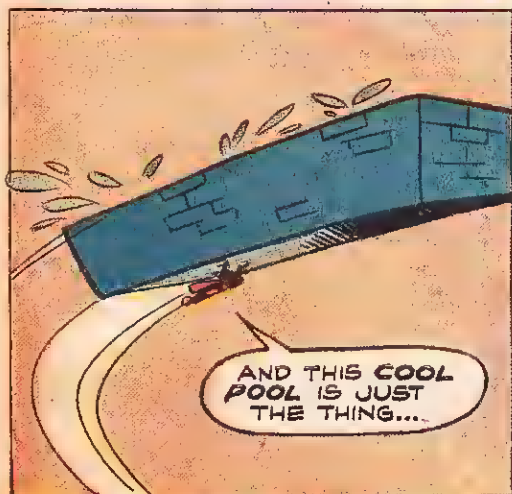
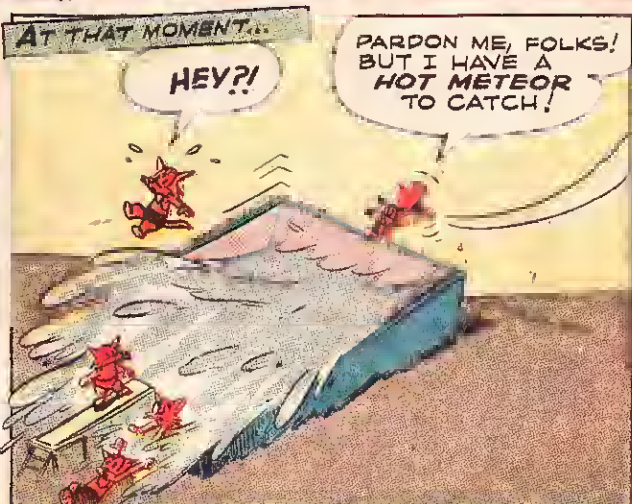
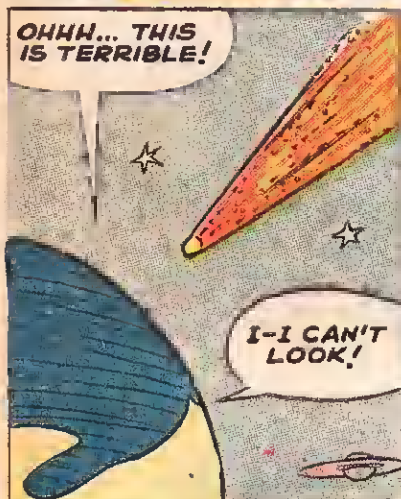
IT'S ATOM THE CAT!

UP...AND AT 'EM!

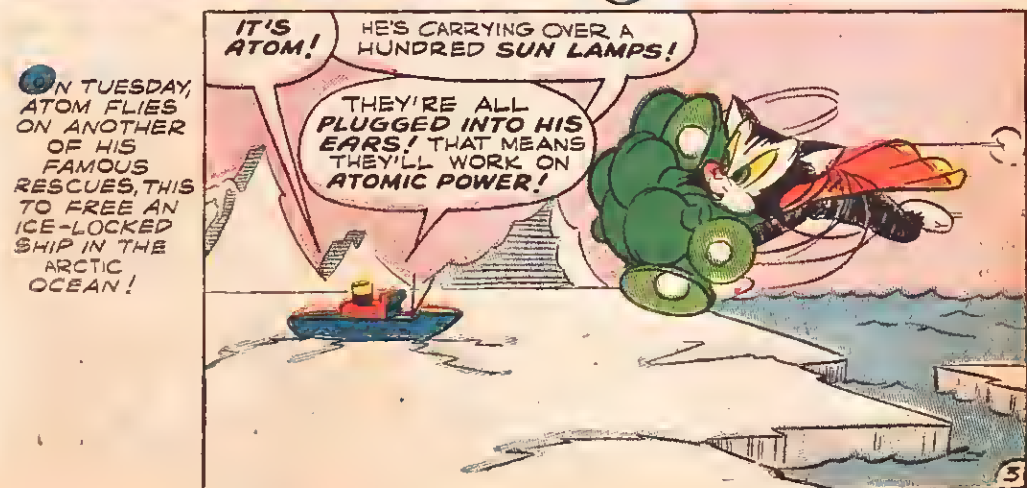
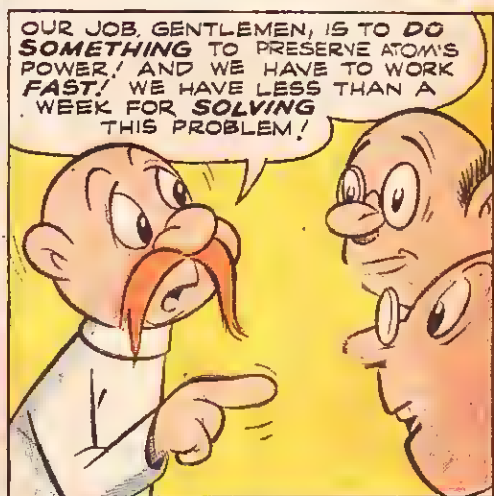
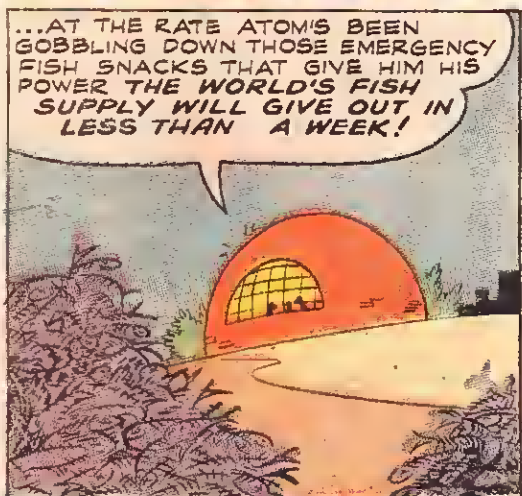
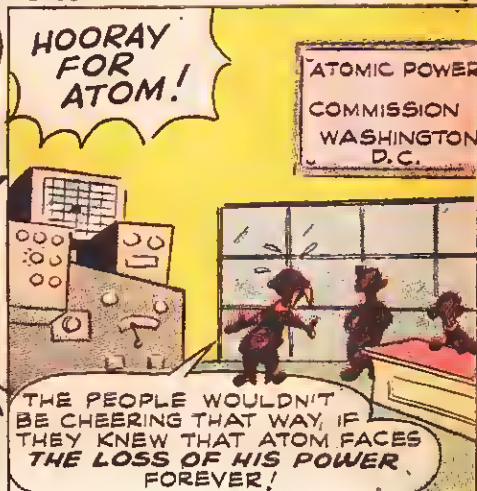
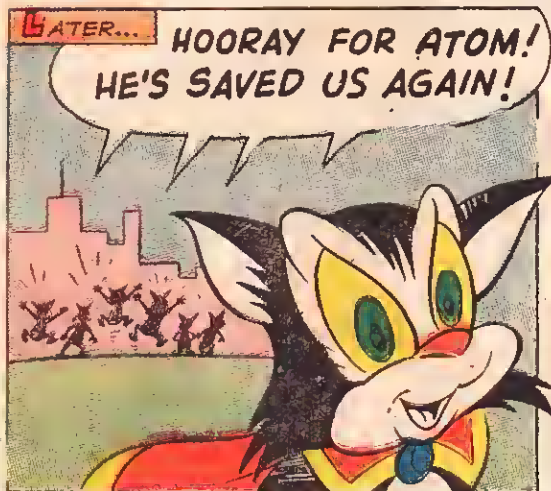
BUT HE'S FINISHED HIS EMERGENCY FISH SNACK AND NOW...

HE KNEW HOW MUCH ATOMIC POWER HE'D NEED FOR THIS JOB! HE WAS TOO BUSY FILLING UP ON FISH TO ANSWER!

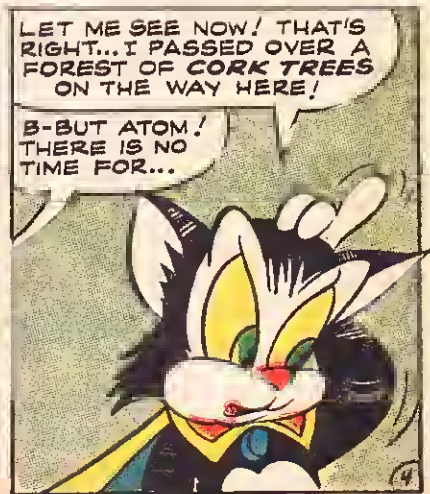
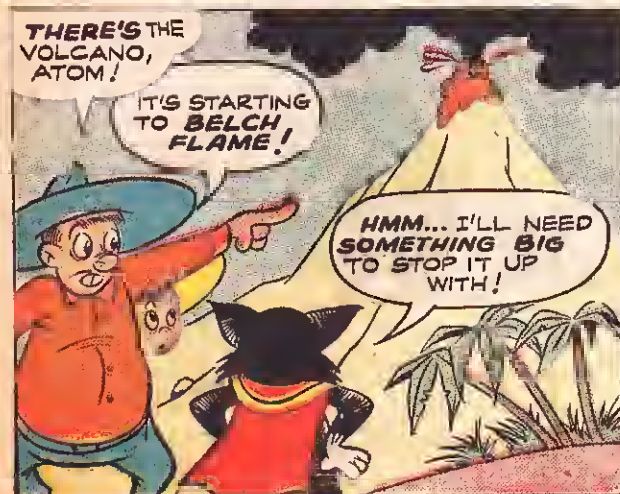
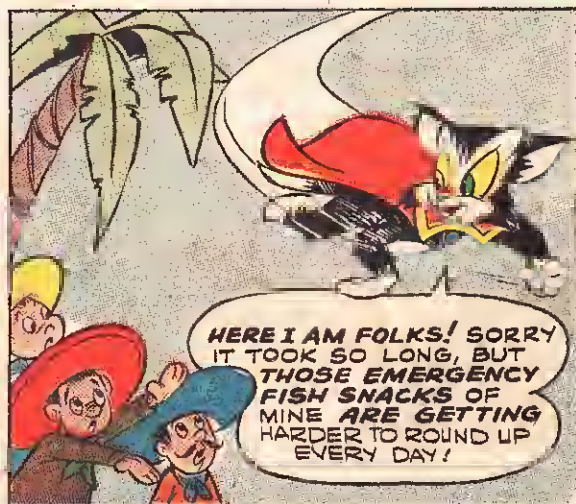
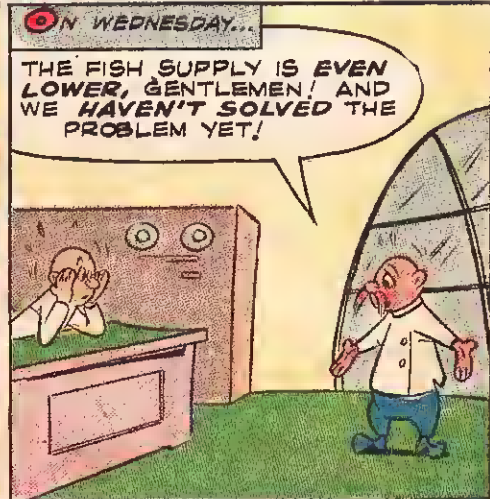
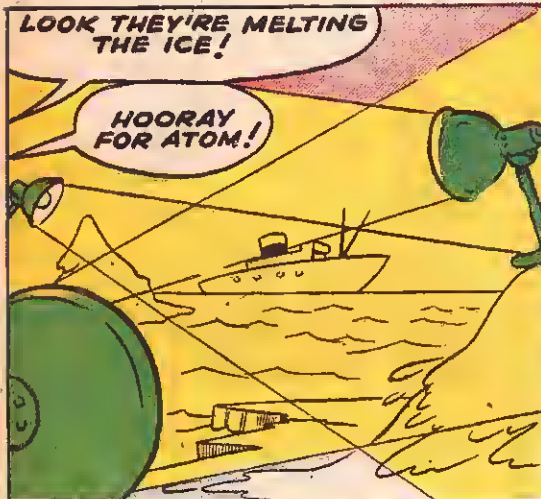
ATOM THE CAT



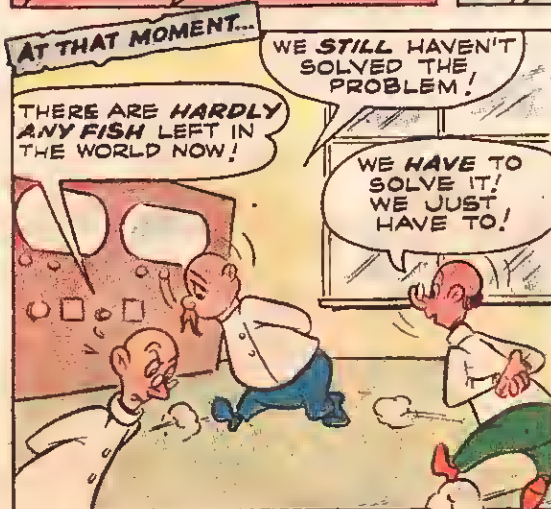
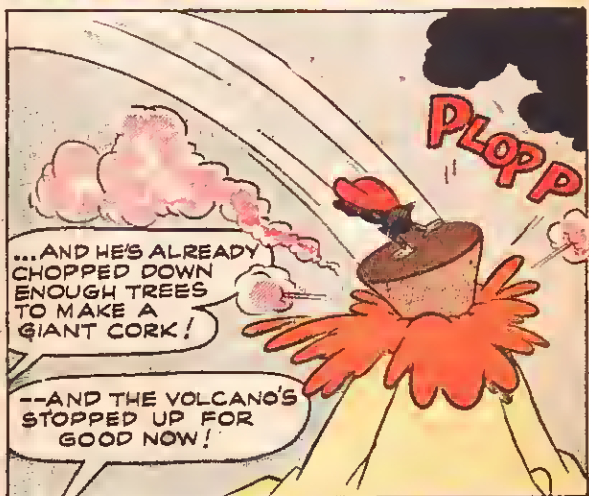
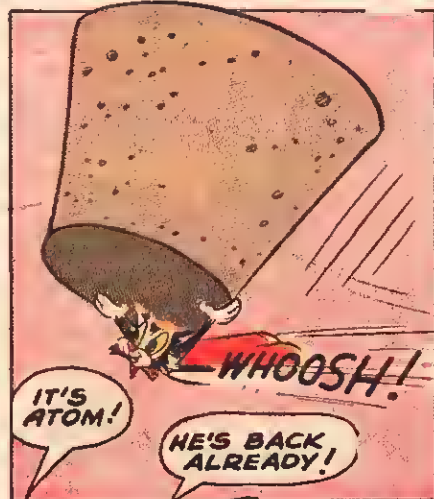
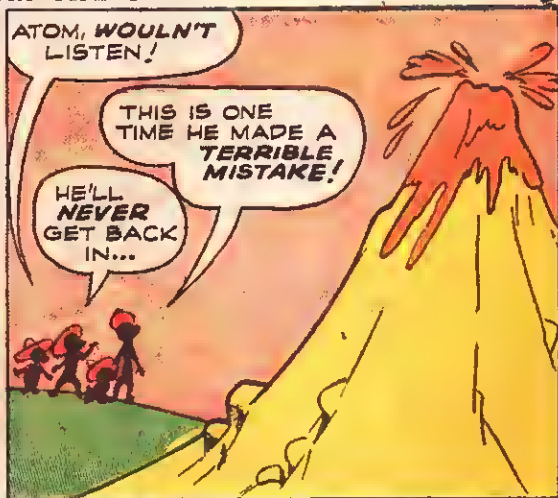
ATOM THE CAT



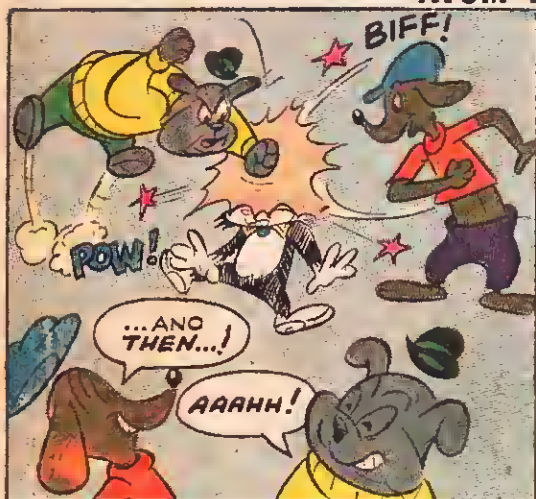
ATOM THE CAT



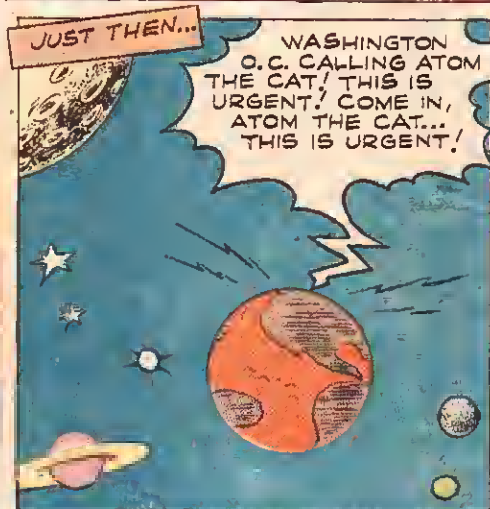
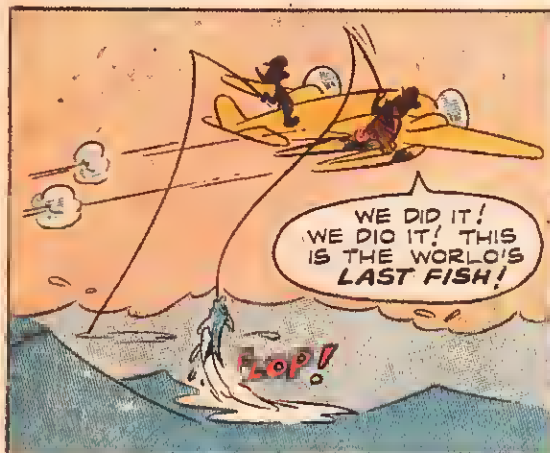
ATOM THE CAT



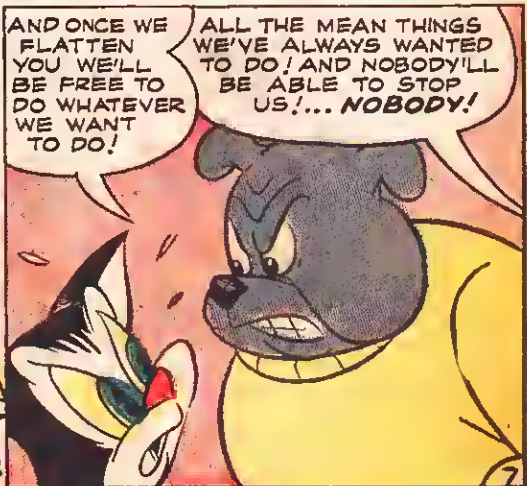
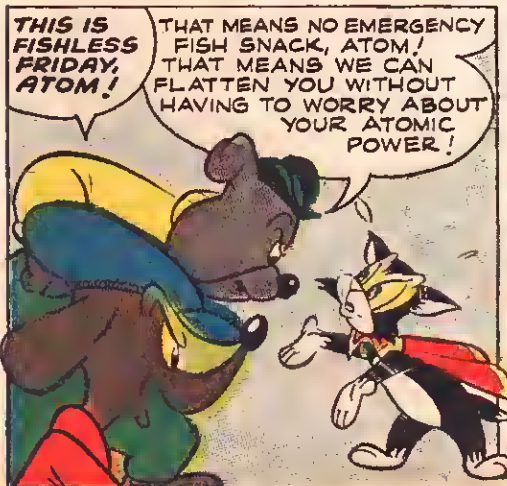
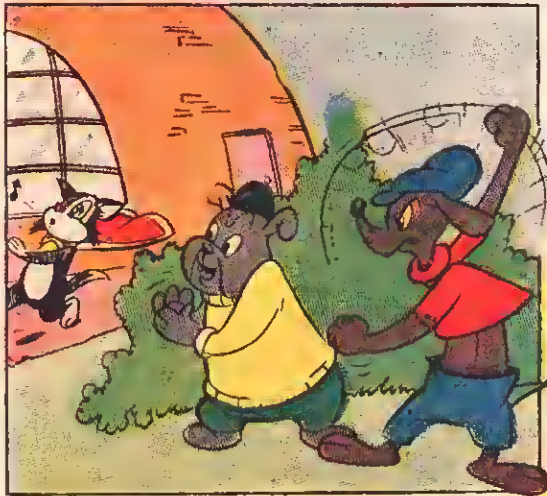
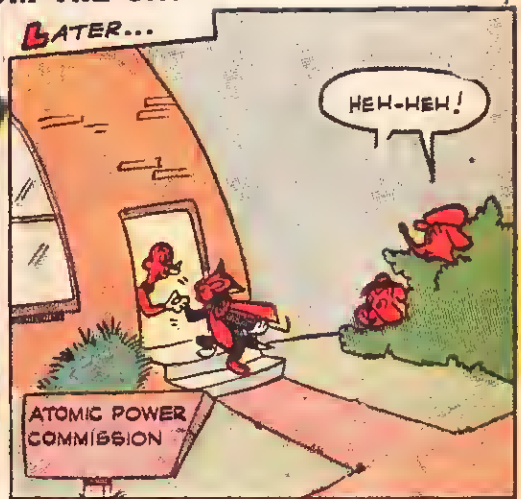
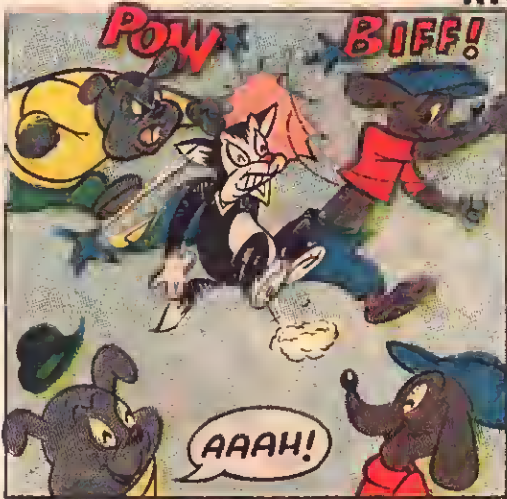
ATOM THE CAT



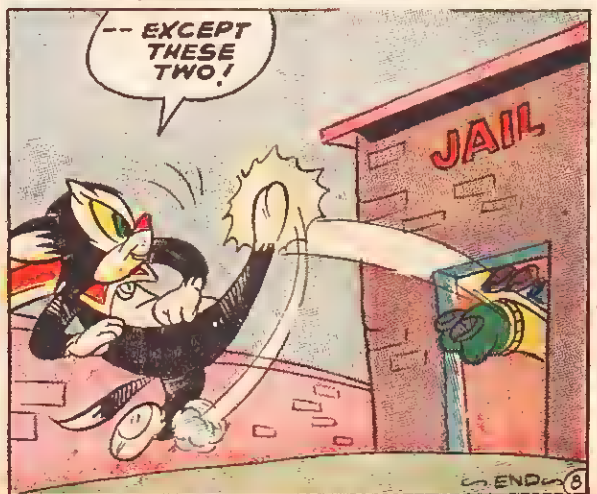
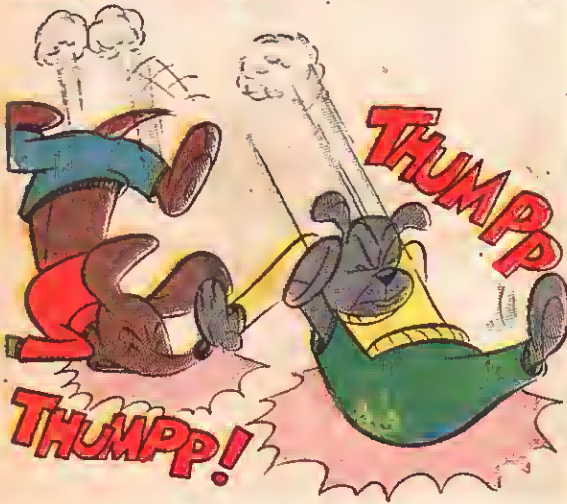
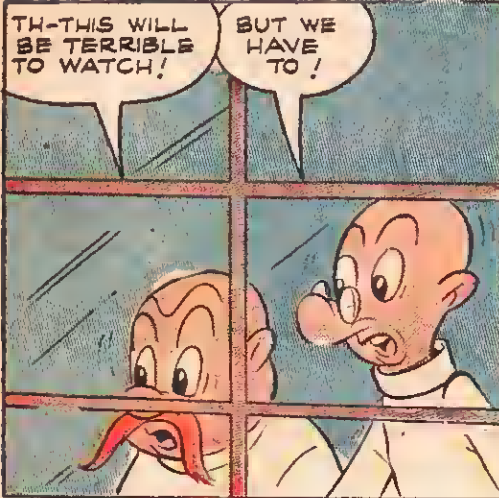
THIS IS FRIDAY... FISHLESS FRIDAY!



ATOM THE CAT



ATOM THE CAT



ATOM THE CAT

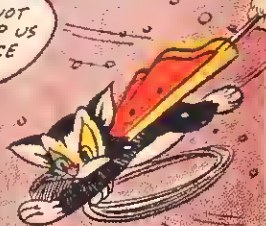
ATOM THE CAT

IN
SHRUNK

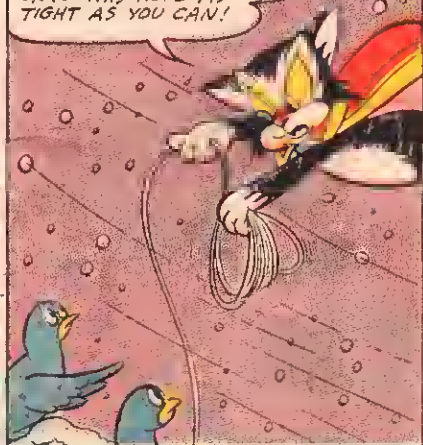
OUR HERD, ATOM THE CAT, BRAVES A RAGING STORM, EXPOSING HIMSELF TO EXTREME DANGER, TO HELP OTHERS!

IT'S NO USE, ATOM! NOT EVEN YOU COULD HELP US GET SOUTH IN THE FACE OF THESE TERRIBLE HEADWINDS!

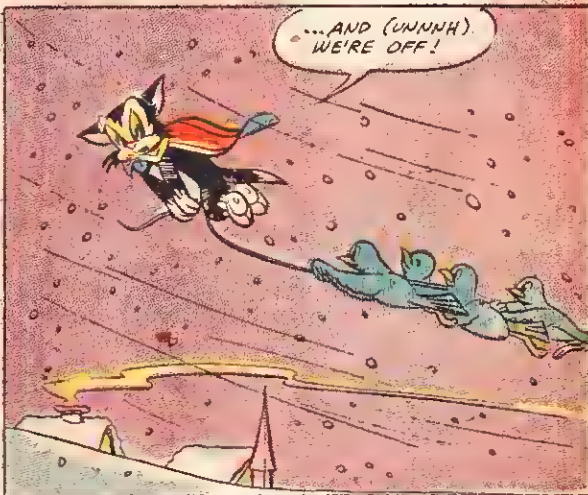
MAYBE NOT! BUT THAT DOESN'T MEAN I WON'T TRY!



HERE! ALL OF YOU GRAB ONTO THIS ROPE AS TIGHT AS YOU CAN!



...AND (UUNNH) WE'RE OFF!



♪ TWEET-TWEET! TWEET-TWOH!
TO WHERE IT'S WARM WE GO!
OH... ATOM'S SO PLEASING!
HE'S SAVED US FROM FREEZING!
TWEET-TWEET! TWEET-TWO! ♪



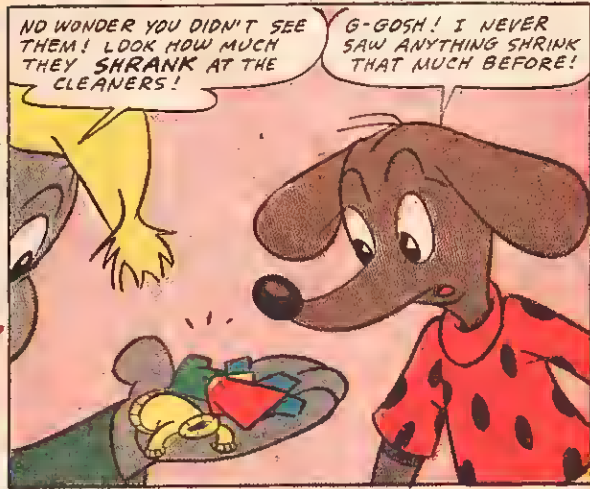
MEANWHILE, BACK NEAR CATVILLE...

IT'S A (YAWN) NASTY DAY OUTSIDE... JUST THE SORT OF WEATHER WE LIKE!

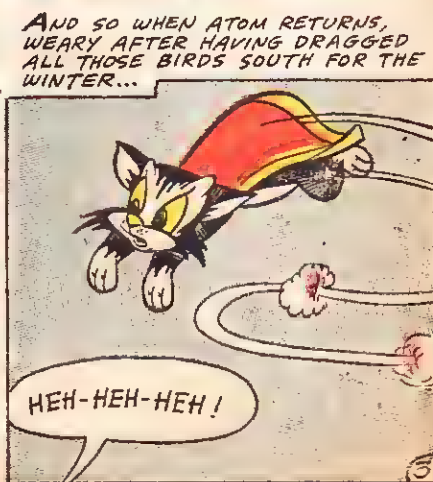
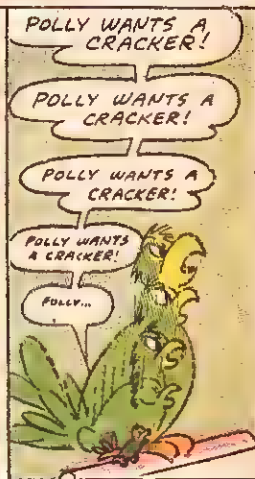
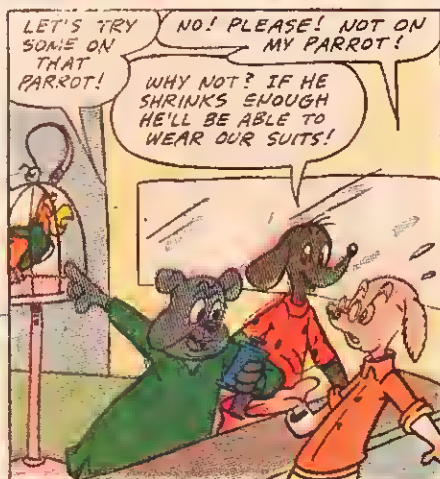
THAT'S RIGHT, BULL-DOZER! NOTHING (YAWN) LIKE NASTY WEATHER... FOR TWO NASTY CHARACTERS LIKE US!



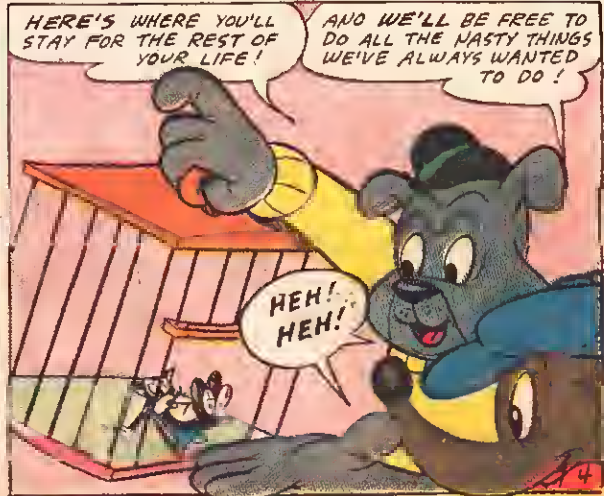
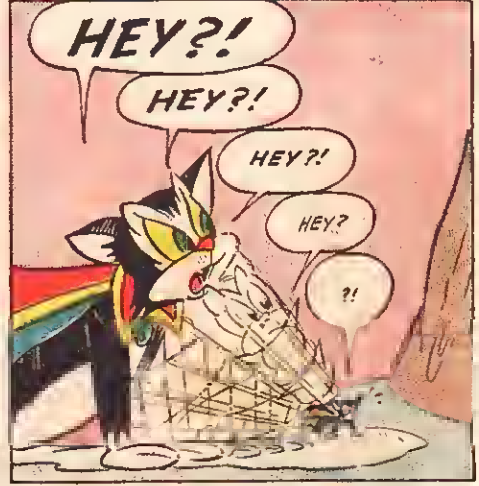
ATOM THE CAT



ATOM THE CAT

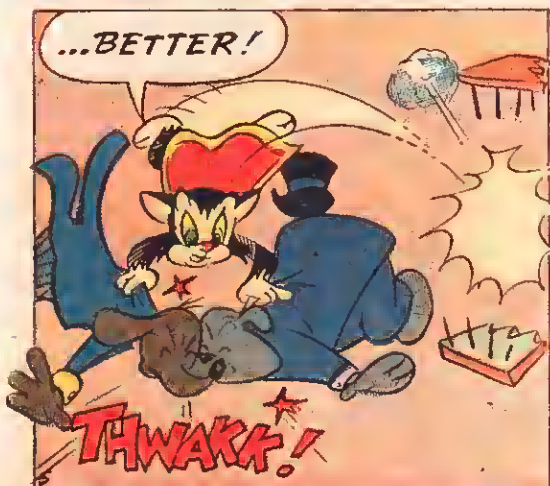
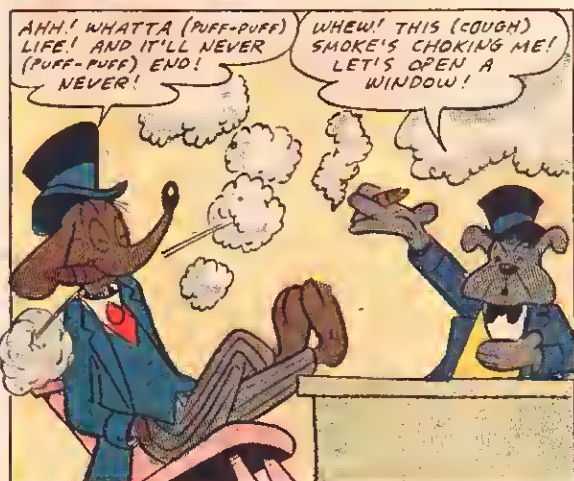


ATOM THE CAT



ATOM THE CAT

AND SO, IN THE WEEKS THAT FOLLOW...



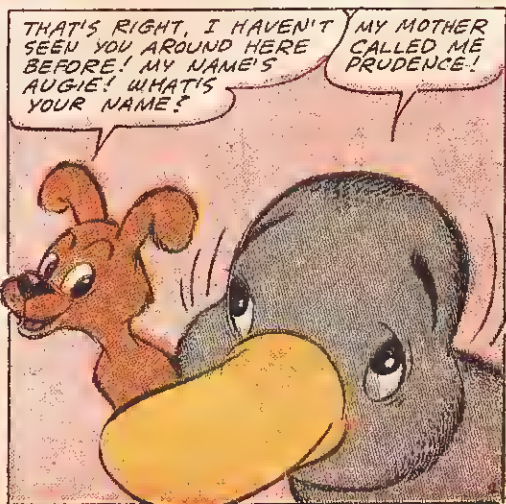
ATOM THE CAT

PRUDENCE FINDS A HOME!

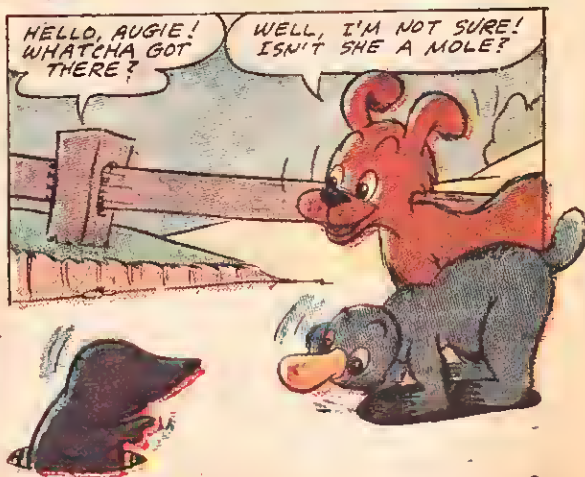
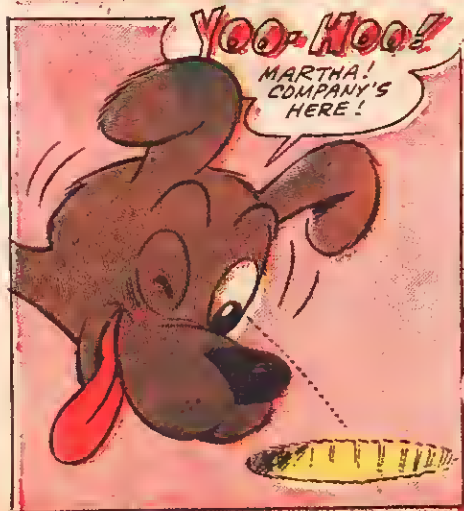
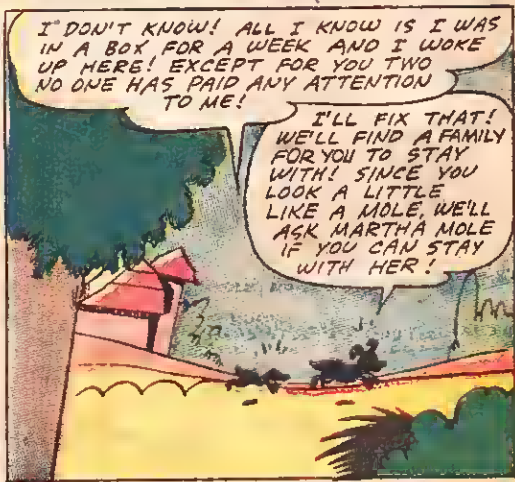
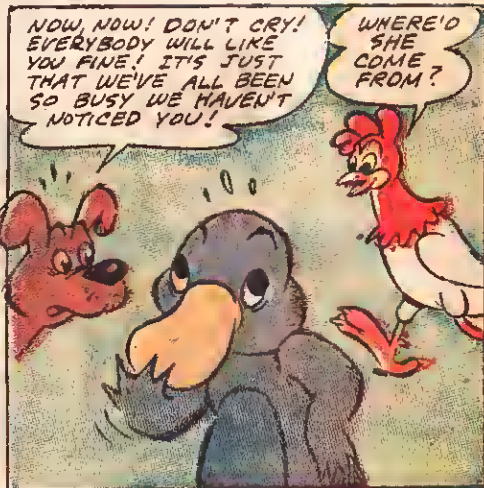
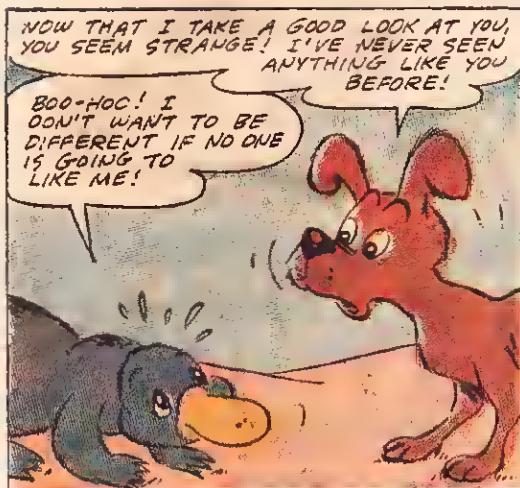
IT WAS A BEAUTIFUL DAY IN CONNECTICUT! THE SUN WAS SHINING! THE BIRDS WERE CHIRPING MERRILY AS THEY WINGED OVER FARMER GRAY'S RED BARN! NO ONE COULD BE UNHAPPY ON SUCH A DAY! NO ONE, THAT IS, EXCEPT...



3546



ATOM THE CAT





YOGGA PACK
Only 12 Boxes



ELECTRICAL WORKSHOP
Only 12 Boxes



R-1 SPIN FISHING OUTFIT Only 20 Boxes



COLEMAN CAMP STOVE
Only 20 Boxes



TWO MAN MOUNTAIN TENT
Only 20 Boxes



ANSCO REACTIFLASH OUTFIT
Only 20 Boxes



BELL TELE-TYPE
Only 20 Boxes



MARLIN .22 RIFLE
Only 40 Boxes

GET THESE PRIZES



FLASH CAMERA
Only 12 Boxes



FLYING CIRCUS PLANE
Only 12 Boxes



BELL GENERATOR
Only 12 Boxes



CLOCK RADIO
Only 40 Boxes



STAMP COLLECTOR'S OUTFIT
Only 12 Boxes



SPALDING GOLF SET Only 20 Boxes



PIANO ACCORDION
Only 12 Boxes



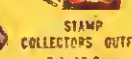
TRANSISTOR PORTABLE RADIO
Only 40 Boxes



DAISY EAGLE AIR RIFLE
Only 20 Boxes



PUP TENT
Only 12 Boxes



ROLLER SKATES
Only 12 Boxes



ELECTRIC TOOL KIT
Only 20 Boxes



CASCO STEAM IRON
Only 20 Boxes



WILCOX PHOTOGRAPH
Only 40 Boxes



SENIOR CHEMISTRY SET
Only 20 Boxes



KNIFE AND AXE SET
Only 12 Boxes



TRAIN CASE
Only 20 Boxes



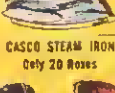
OVERNIGHT CAMPING SET
Only 12 Boxes



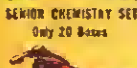
ROLLER SKATES
Only 12 Boxes



RADAR ROCKET CANNON
Only 12 Boxes



PACK FRAME AND KNAPSACK
Only 20 Boxes



PROP ROD RACE CAR
Only 12 Boxes



F-51 MUSTANG
Only 20 Boxes



DAISY RED RIDER
Only 12 Boxes



ELECTRIC PERCOLATOR
Only 20 Boxes



8mm MOVIE PROJECTOR
Only 40 Boxes



POWER KING LANTERN
Only 12 Boxes



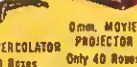
U. S. BUGLE
Only 12 Boxes



VOIT TETHER BALL SET
Only 20 Boxes



TYPEWRITER
Only 20 Boxes



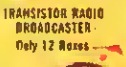
VOIT SKIN BIKING OUTFIT
Only 12 Boxes



TRANSISTOR RADIO BROADCASTER
Only 12 Boxes



SLEEPING BAG
Only 20 Boxes



VOIT BASKETBALL
Only 12 Boxes

HERE'S ALL YOU DO!

It's easy to earn these valuable prizes when you become a member of the Junior Sales Club. IT COSTS YOU NOTHING! Selling these lovely All Occasion Cards is amazingly easy because they would cost much more if sold in a store. You sell each box for the low bargain price of only \$1.25. All your friends, relatives and neighbors will be anxious to buy such fine cards — in fact many members earn a prize in only one day. IF YOU WISH, YOU MAY EVEN KEEP AS YOUR PRIZE,

50¢ FOR EACH BOX YOU SELL! The first thing you do is pick out the prize you want. Then, simply fill out the coupon with your name and address and indicate whether you want 12 or 20 boxes. (If prize requires more than 20 boxes, start off with 20 boxes.) We send your cards on credit because WE TRUST YOU. You have 30 days to sell your cards. The J.S.C.A. Club Plan is quick and easy!

MAIL YOUR COUPON NOW!

JUNIOR SALES CLUB OF AMERICA



ELECTRIC
FRY PAN
Only 20 Boxes



AUTOMATIC TOASTER
Only 20 Boxes



GIRLS' BRACELET WATCH
Only 20 Boxes



FIELD GLASSES
Only 12 Boxes



SKIN DIVER WATCH
Only 12 Boxes

OR CASH PROFITS

AT NO COST TO YOU!

Imagine!
Your Own TV
...or BIKE!



SPALDING
GLOVE AND BALL
Only 20 Boxes



WEEKENDER BAG
Only 20 Boxes



NAVY CUTLASS
Only 20 Boxes



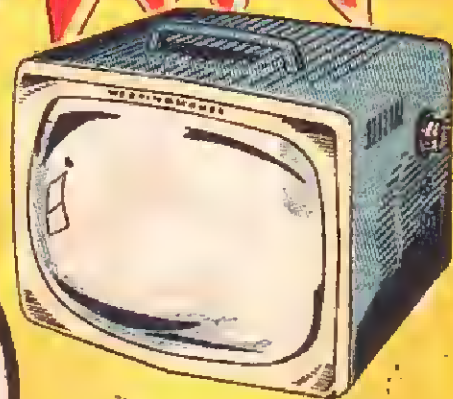
COMET SABLE
Only 12 Boxes



SPORT
CRUISER KIT
Only 12 Boxes



ENGLISH
ROYAL PRINCE
BICYCLE
Only 60 Boxes



WESTINGHOUSE PORTABLE TV
Only 180 Boxes



BIG SAW
Only 20 Boxes



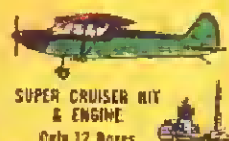
DAUNTLESS KIT
AND
TORPEDO ENGINE
Only 20 Boxes



REVELL MODEL KITS
Only 12 Boxes



SEA WITCH KIT
Only 12 Boxes



SUPER CRUISER KIT
& ENGINE
Only 12 Boxes



OREGON SWEATER SET
Only 12 Boxes



TABLE TENNIS SET
Only 12 Boxes



CAMP COOK KIT
Only 20 Boxes



WATER WIZARD
Only 12 Boxes



ARCHERY SET
Only 12 Boxes

NOTICE TO PARENTS

We guarantee all our prices and back up our guarantee with a 40% cash refund if a prize is returned for any reason. Cards are sent to your child on credit for 30 days. All we ask is that any boxes unsold at the end of 30 days be returned prepaid by Perfect Post; a cash commission of 30% can be kept for each box sold. We have received numerous comments from parents stating that their children had learned responsibility and achieved a good deal of personal satisfaction from actually earning something through their own personal efforts. We feel certain that your child will benefit in more than a material way when he becomes a member of the JUNIOR SALES CLUB OF AMERICA.

Springfield 1, Massachusetts

MAIL THIS COUPON NOW!

JUNIOR SALES CLUB OF AMERICA
SPRINGFIELD 1, MASS.

DEPT. CC-1

Enroll me as a member of the J.S.C.A. and send to me AT ONCE, FREE Membership Card, FREE Prize Catalog, complete details on how to get valuable prizes and a supply of All Occasion Card boxes to sell as checked below:

☐ 12 BOXES

☐ 20 BOXES

NAME _____

ADDRESS _____

CITY _____

ZONE _____

STATE _____

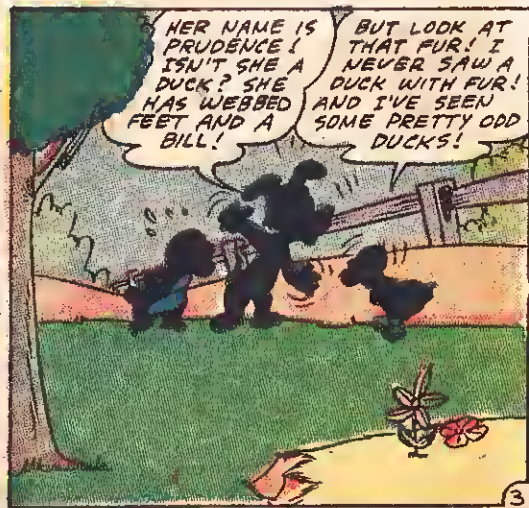
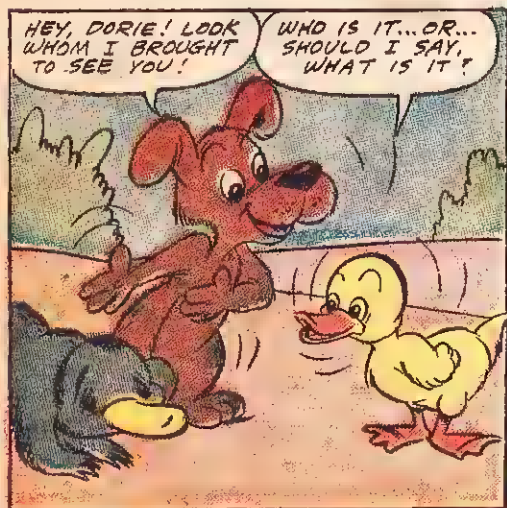
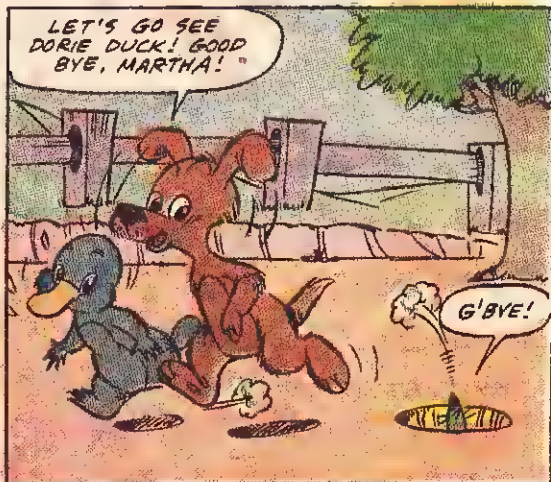
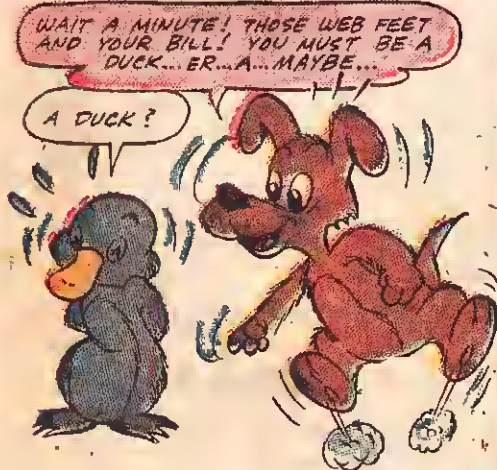
Parent's Signature _____

NARESTAR

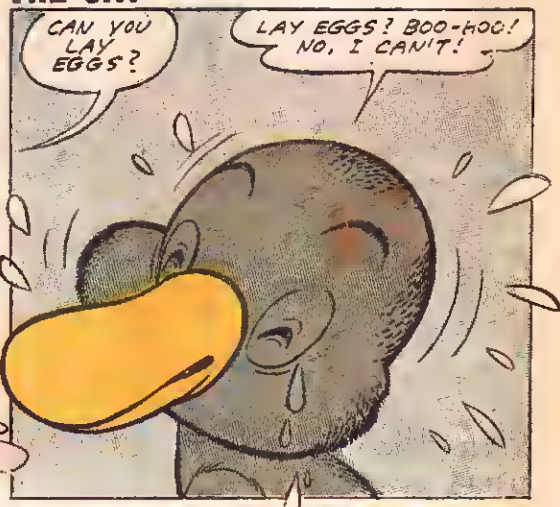
ATOM THE CAT



IT WOULDN'T DO ANY GOOD, AUBIE! SHE COULDN'T GET AROUND UNDERGROUND WITH THOSE WEBBED FEET!



ATOM THE CAT



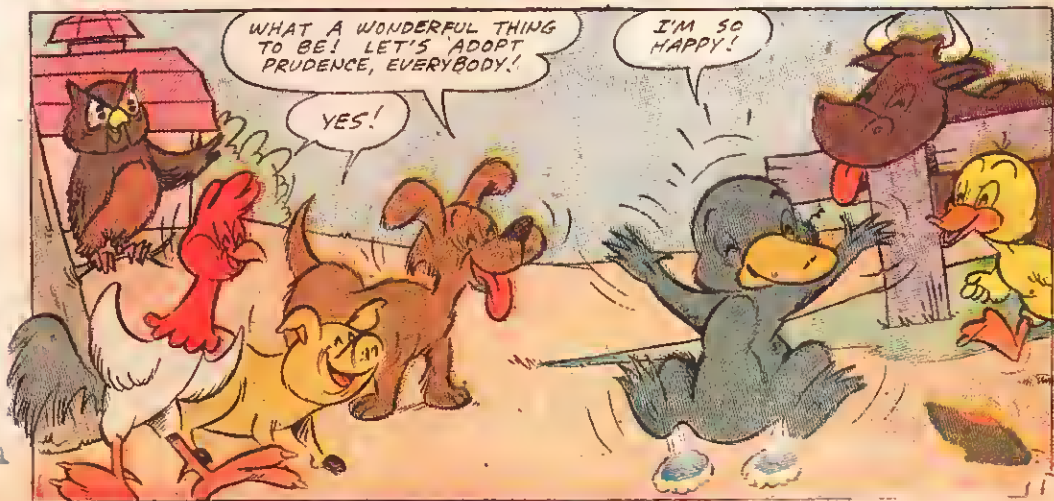
LAY EGGS? BOO-HOO! NO, I CAN'T!



NOT A DUCK... NOT A MOLE! HMM! MAYBE SHE'S A DUCK-MOLE!



A PLATYPUS?

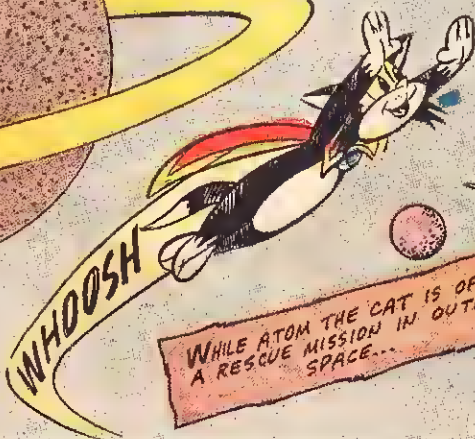


ATOM THE CAT

ATOM THE CAT

WHAT'S
BUZZIN'
COUSIN ?

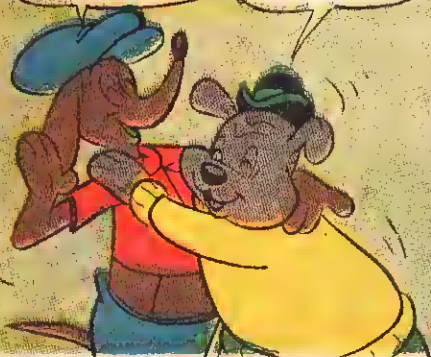
3602



WHILE ATOM THE CAT IS OFF ON
A RESCUE MISSION IN OUTER
SPACE...

HIS TWO ARCH ENEMIES ARE OFF THEIR
ROCKERS WITH WICKED JOY!

YIPPEE! WAHOO!



FOR AT LAST THEY HAVE FOUND A WAY TO
BLACKEN THE SPOTLESS NAME OF ATOM!

SHHH! WE DON'T
WANT HIM TO
WAKE UP
YET!

YEAH...
WE GOT A
LOT OF
PLANNING
TO DO!

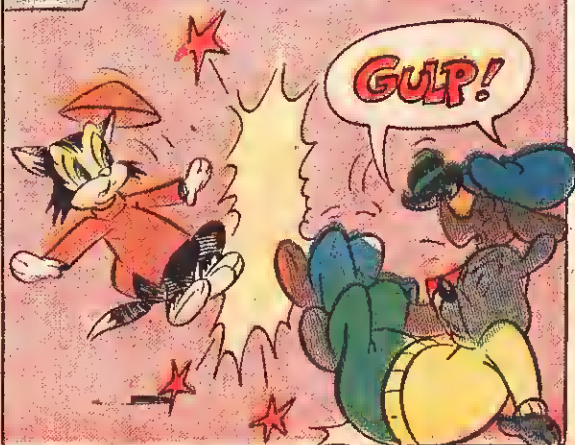


THAT WAS SOME LUCKY BREAK FOR US.
BUMPING INTO HIM THE WAY WE DID.
WASN'T IT, LONG JOHN? EVEN IF
ONLY FOR A MINUTE...

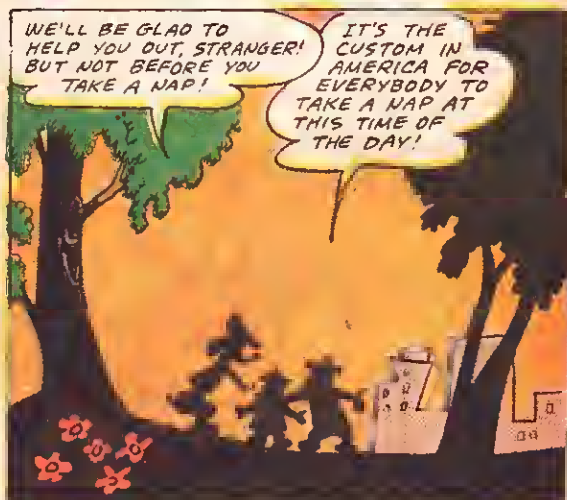


"IT ALMOST SCARED THE DAYLIGHTS OUT OF
US!"

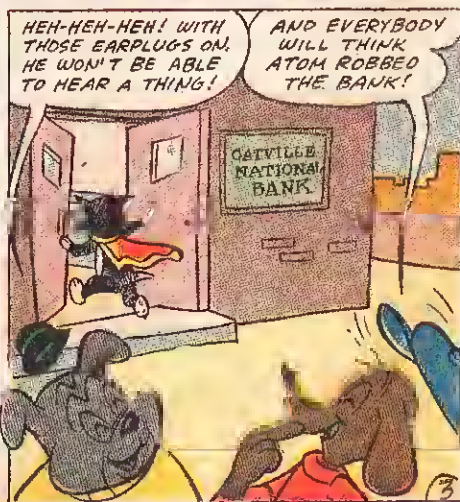
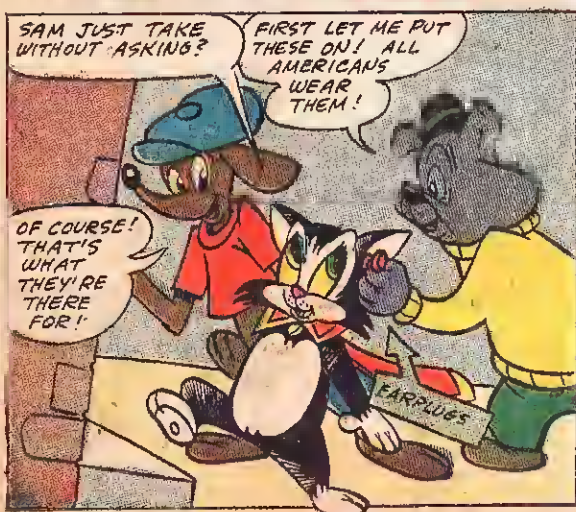
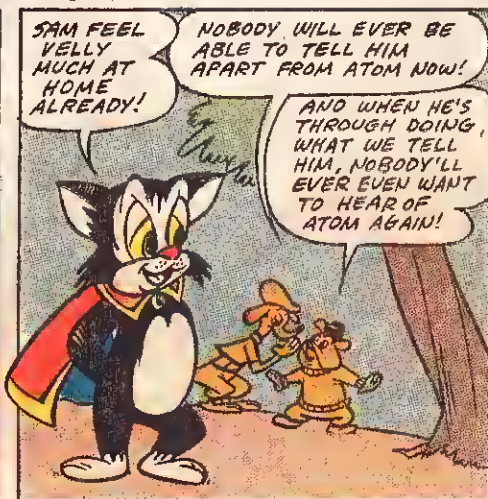
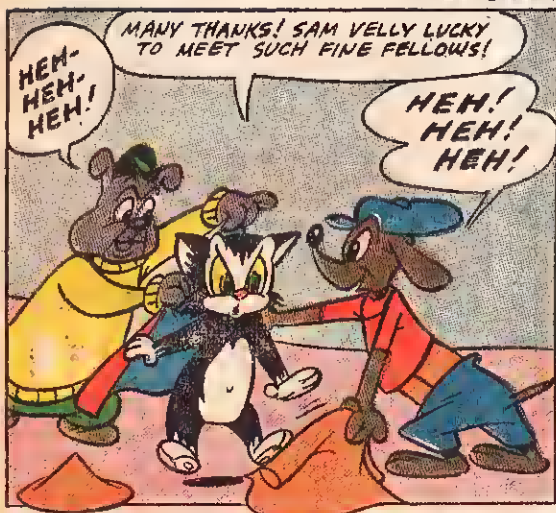
GULP!



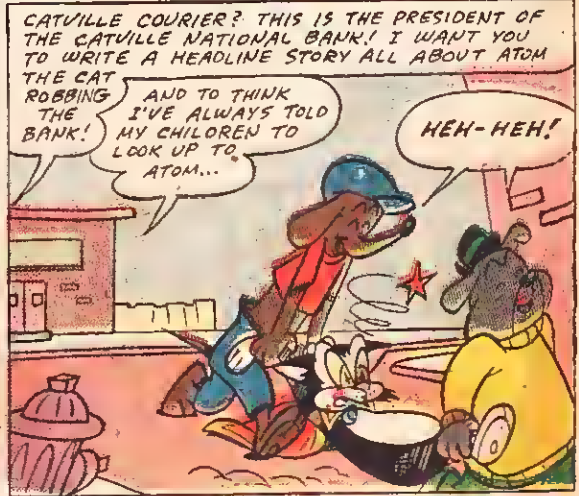
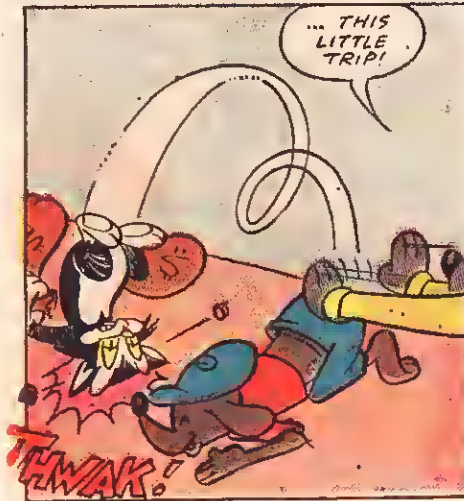
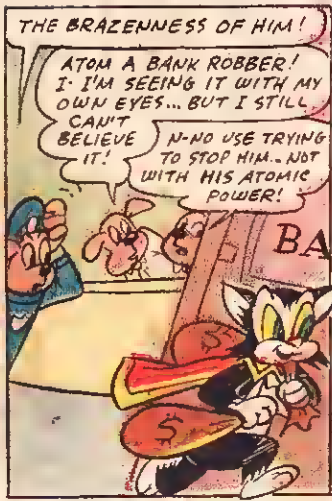
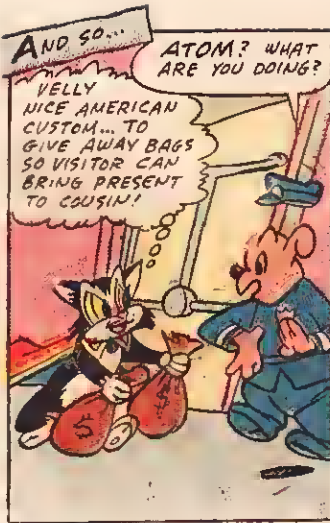
ATOM THE CAT



ATOM THE CAT



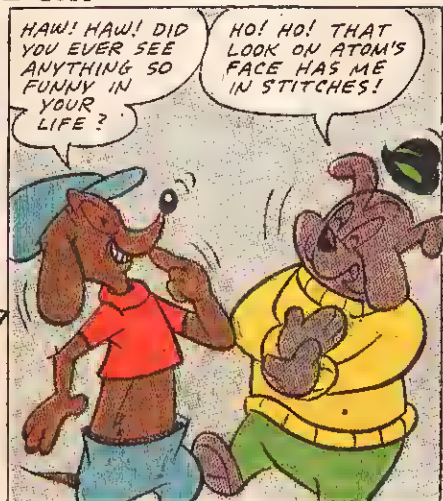
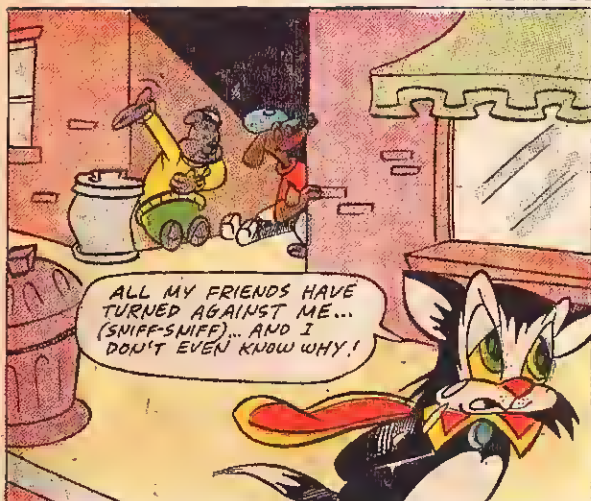
ATOM THE CAT



AND SO WHEN ATOM RETURNS WEARILY FROM
HIS RESCUE MISSION TO OUTER SPACE...



ATOM THE CAT



A FLY IN THE OINTMENT

"Okay, Skippy, hold that pose," shouted Freddie Fox to Skippy Rabbit.

"Hurry up, Freddie!" called Skippy, "I'm getting very tired hanging here from this tree by my ears."

Freddie Fox clicked the shutter of his new camera, then said, "That's it, Skippy, I've got it. You can come down now."

The little rabbit let go of the tree limb and came crashing to the ground. "Freddie, this is the last time I'll ever pose for you. I know you're a real camera bug, but you're driving me crazy with these silly poses. I could've really gotten hurt."

"Aw, what's a little bump?" replied Freddie. "We've gotten some great shots today." Then he paused for an instant. "Just wait until you see what I've planned for tomorrow afternoon..."

But Freddie Fox never got the chance to tell Skippy Rabbit the next day's photography plans; for Skippy disappeared over the hill in a white fluffy blur. He had had enough posing for one day.

"Hey, Freddie," came a squeaky little voice from underneath a big rock. "How long do I have to hold this rock over my head? Aren't you ever going to take my picture?"

It was Mippy Mouse, and Freddie had forgotten all about him while he was talking to Skippy Rabbit.

"Be right there," answered Freddie. "I just have to reload the camera... Okay now, hold it, a little higher. Perfect!"

Just as Freddie took the picture, Mippy, weighted down by the heavy rock, toppled over on his back.

"Ouch," shrieked the little mouse, "that hurt!"

"All right, Mippy, you're excused for the day," said Freddie.

"Hmph!" grunted Mippy Mouse as he limped away. "Two hours of posing and not even a 'thank you'."

With his two favorite subjects gone for the day, Freddie Fox gathered up his camera and photographic supplies and began looking around the forest for more subjects to photograph.

"This has been a pretty successful afternoon," he thought to himself. "I'll just shoot a few more of the gang and call it a day."

Freddie didn't have to look very far. For, there, sitting under a big oak tree were Chippy Chipmunk, Petie Porcupine and Soapy Squirrel. The three friends were so busy chattering that they didn't see Freddie sneaking up on them with his loaded camera.

Just at the right instant, Freddie cupped one paw to his lips and shouted, "Run, run; the hunters are coming!"

Chippy, Petie and Soapy were so frightened by the sudden warning that each of them jumped a full three feet in the air. Freddie clicked his super-fast camera while all three were in mid-air, then shouted gleefully at the top of his lungs.

"Ob boy, what a shot! A perfect study of fear and surprise. Thanks, pals, thanks a lot for posing."

Poor Chippy, Petie and Soapy were too stunned to be angry. All they could do was stare at Freddie as he once again packed up his equipment and left the scene.

Yes, Freddie Fox was the best photographer in the forest — but he was getting on the nerves of all the other animals. They appreciated his talent, but at the same time, they wished he would stop bothering them to pose.

And a few days later their wish came true.

Skippy Rabbit was hopping by Freddie's house, when he noticed Freddie all by himself in the back yard. His camera was resting on a tree stump, and he sat on a little stool facing the lens. In his right hand was a thin string which was attached to the shutter of the camera.

"One, two, three," Freddie counted out loud. Then he pulled the string, and the camera clicked.

"What are you doing, 'Mr. Conceited'? Posing for your own pictures these days?" asked Skippy Rabbit jokingly.

"Laugh if you want to, wise guy," replied Freddie. "I'm going to make \$100 with this picture."

"One-hundred snackers?" echoed the little rabbit, perking up his long white ears.

"That's right," answered Freddie. "Just read this."

Freddie handed Skippy a copy of a magazine called "Animal Photography." Right on the cover, in big letters, were the words, "BIG CONTEST! ENTER NOW! (Turn To Page

3)." Skippy Rabbit turned to Page 5 and read the rules of the contest hurriedly.

"You see that?" said Freddie, "This magazine is having a contest, and the first prize winner receives \$100. "Then he added, "And I can sure use the money."

Skippy Rabbit laughed. "How can you be so sure of winning, Freddie? Besides, the rules say it must be a portrait shot."

"And what could be better than a SELF PORTRAIT?" Freddie retorted.

"Oh, Freddie, you're too much," giggled Skippy. "But, who knows? Maybe you will win. Anyway, I certainly wish you luck."

Skippy Rabbit hopped off into the woods, and Freddie returned to his work. "Let's see, now," he mused, I think that last shot was a pretty good one. I guess I'll develop it."

The photographic fox disappeared into the dark room he had set up in his basement and went to work. In a few hours he came dashing out of the dark room with a big grin on his face.

"Perfect, it's perfect," he shouted — although there was nobody around to hear him.

Freddie dashed off into the woods to find Skippy Rabbit and show him the finished pictures. He finally located him sitting beside some bushes munching a raw carrot.

"Look, Skippy," Freddie said excitedly, "isn't it a beauty?"

"Hmm," answered Skippy, "yes, it is a pretty good photograph."

"What do you mean, 'pretty good'?" said Freddie. "It's a great picture of me and it's going to win first prize!"

And Freddie Fox stalked off to the nearest mail box, addressed the envelope he had with him and mailed in his contest entry.

A week went by . . . two weeks . . . three weeks — and nothing happened. Even Freddie had almost forgotten about the "Animal Photography" contest and went back to his favorite hobby of snapping pictures of all his animal

friends.

Then, exactly one month from the day Freddie had entered the contest, old Grampa 'Possum, the mail carrier, knocked at Freddie Fox's door.

"Got somethin' here that might interest you, Freddie," said Grampa 'Possum. And he handed him a copy of the latest issue of "Animal Photography." Freddie looked at the cover and leaped up with joy.

"Look, look," he screamed happily, "I've won the photography contest. There's my name right on the cover."

Freddie quickly turned to the page where the winning pictures were printed — and a disappointed look came over his face.

"Hey," said Freddie to Grampa 'Possum, "I don't see my picture on this page, yet the cover says I won first prize."

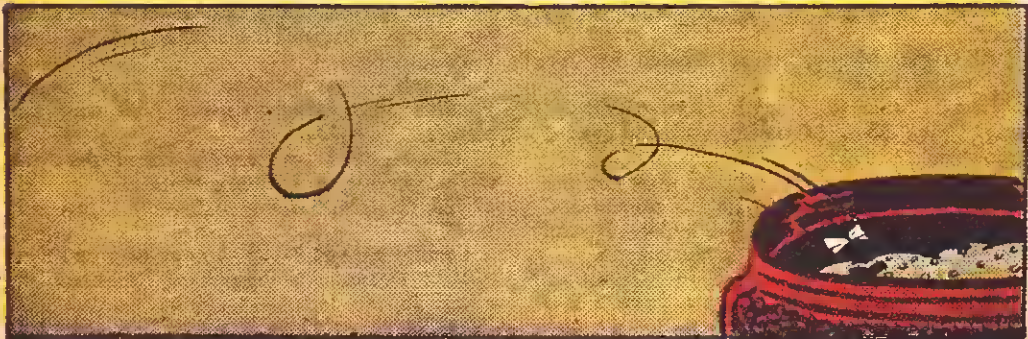
"Why, here's your winning picture right here, Freddie," said the mail carrier. Grampa was pointing to a large picture of a fly, under which Freddie's name appeared. The caption read: "Best portrait photograph submitted by Freddie Fox."

Freddie studied the winning photo in amazement. It was a picture of a fly, all right, and under the fly was a large, rounded black shape. Then, all at once, it had happened dawned on Freddie. The magazine editors had blown up his original photograph and noticed that a fly was perched on his nose. So they blew up the picture even more, eliminating Freddie's face and concentrating on the fly — which they must have thought was the finest looking fly ever photographed.

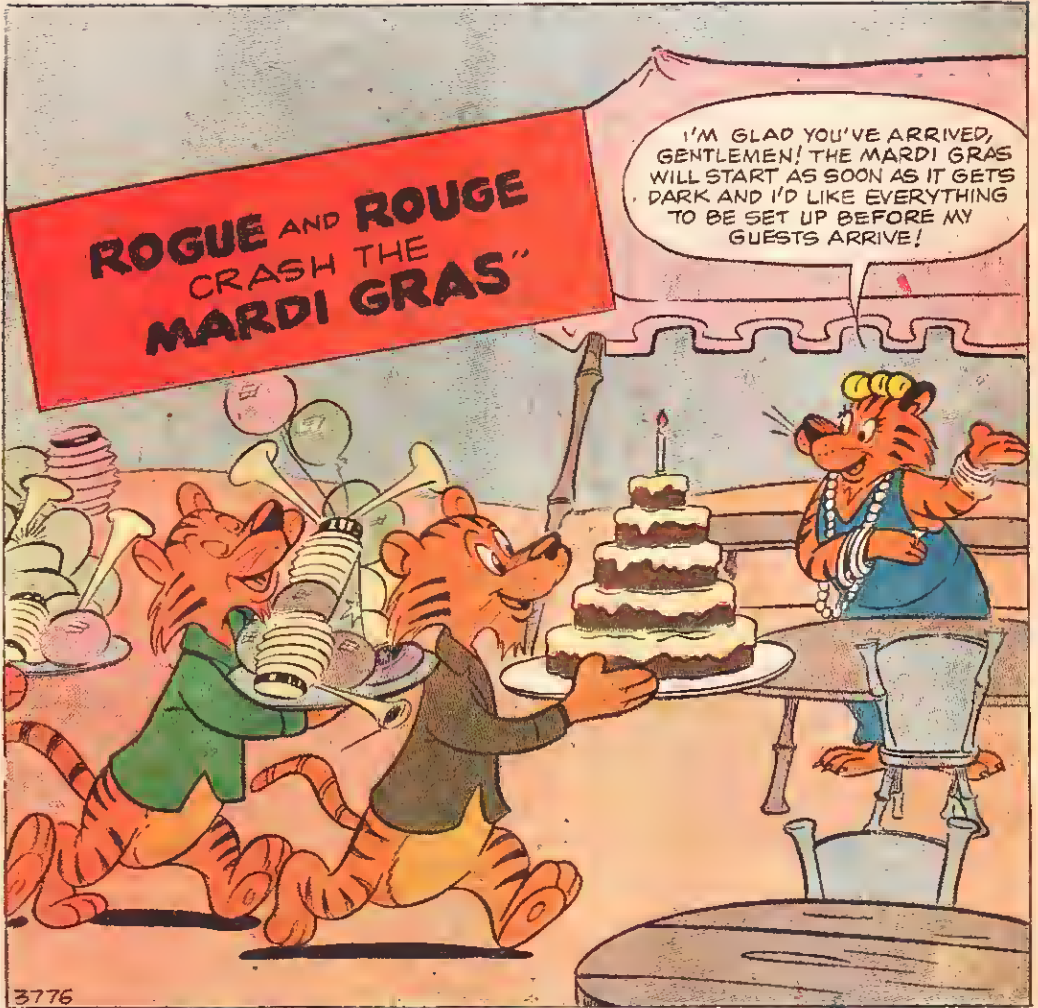
"Don't take it so hard, Freddie," comforted Grampa 'Possum. "Remember, you've got \$100 coming to you."

"Yes, I guess I should be thankful," Freddie replied. "But from now on I'll be mighty careful whenever I take pictures."

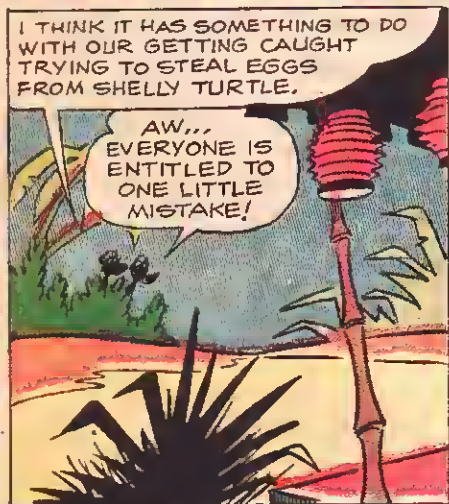
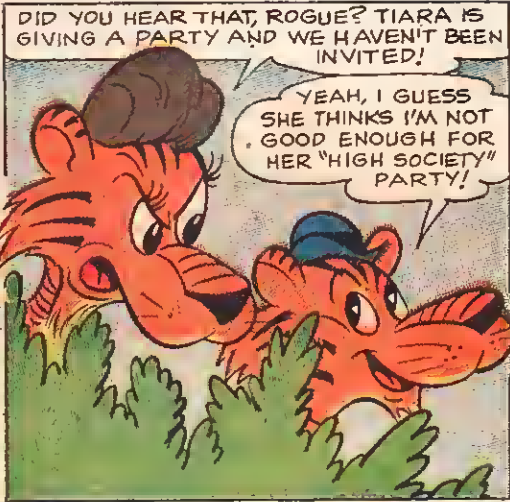
THE END



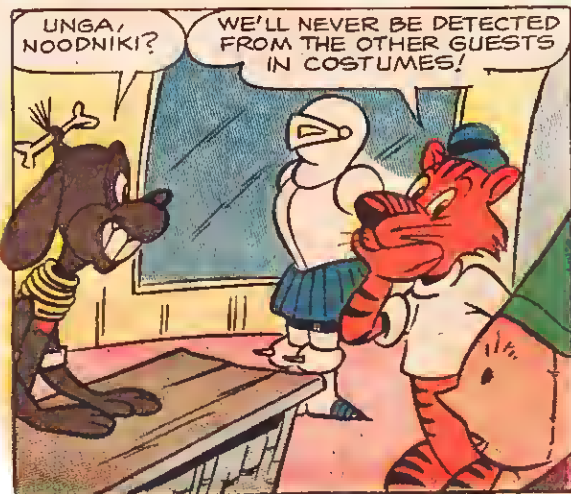
ATOM THE CAT



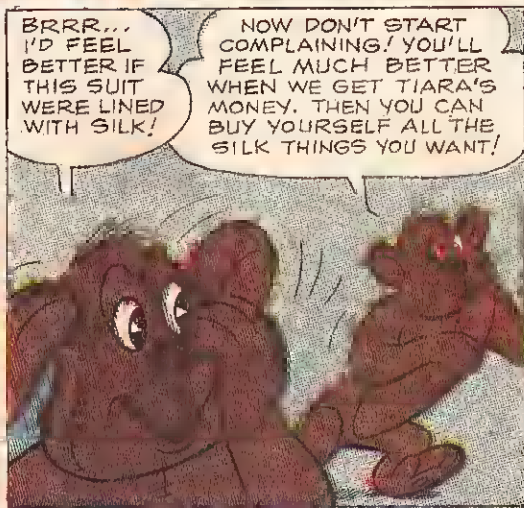
ATOM THE CAT



ATOM THE CAT



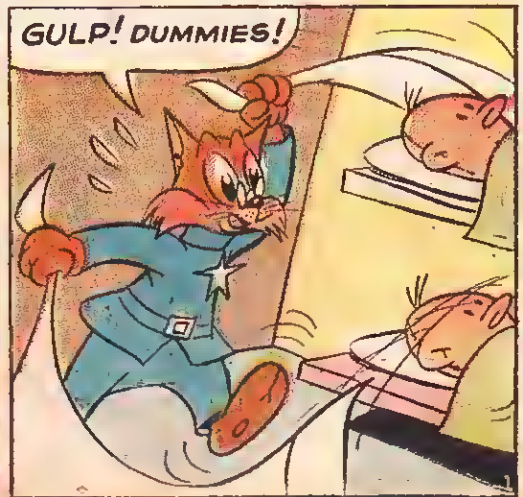
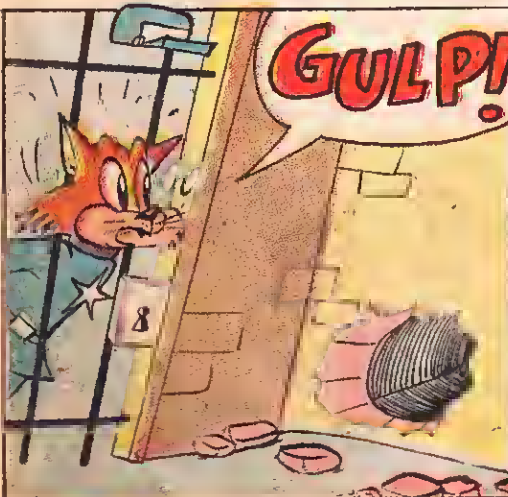
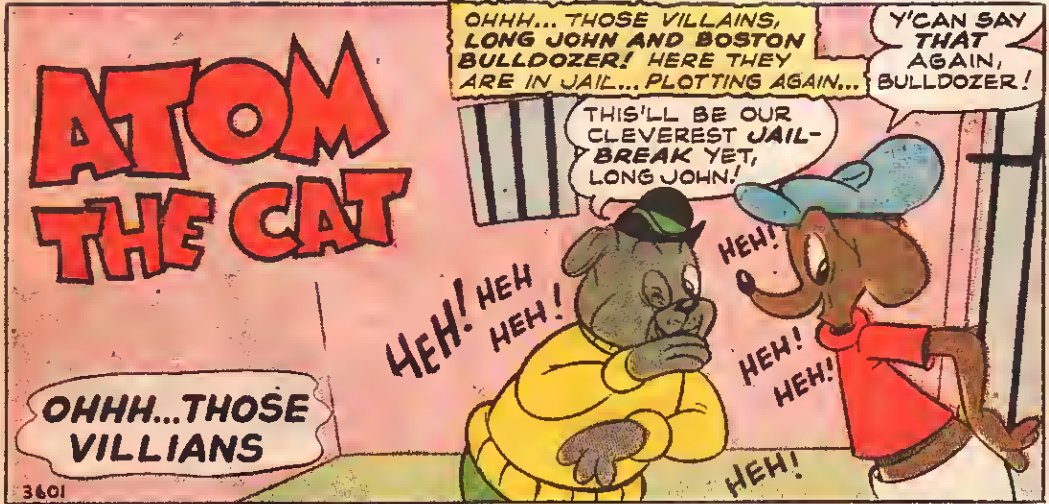
ATOM THE CAT



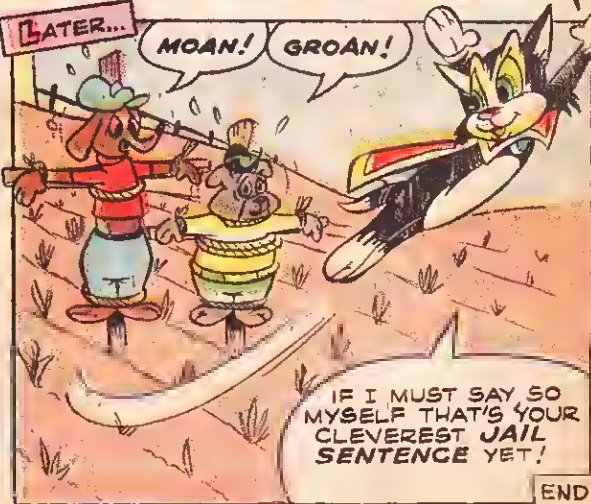
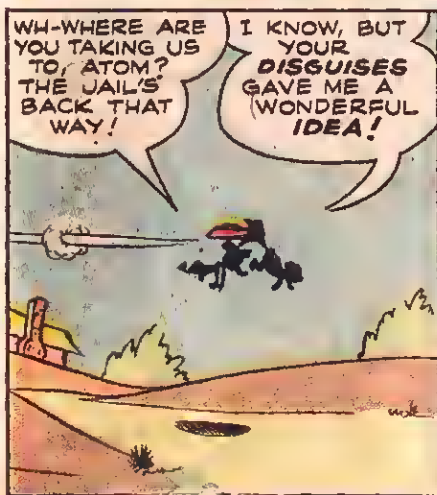
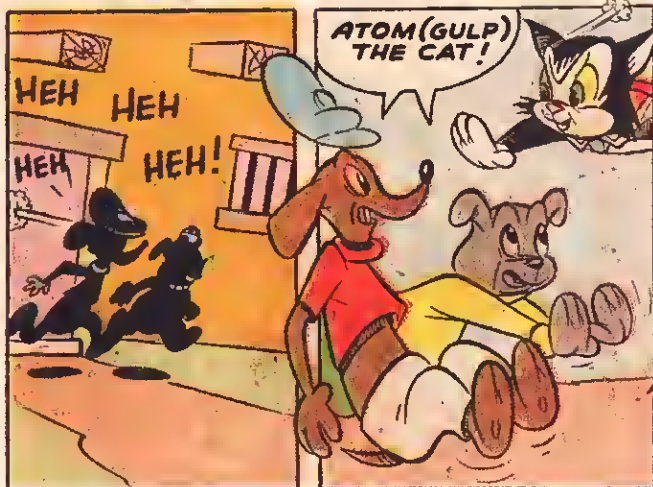
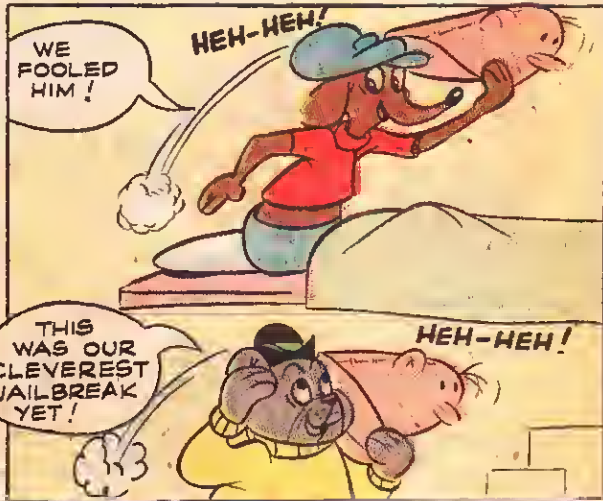
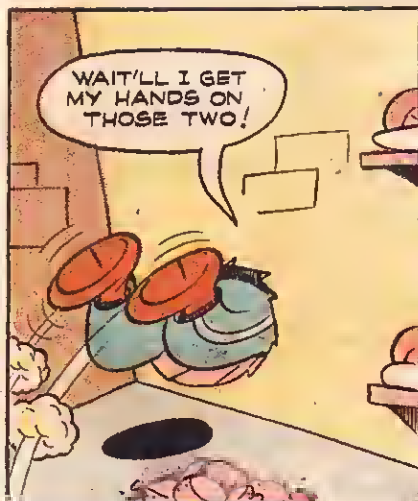
ATOM THE CAT



ATOM THE CAT



ATOM THE CAT



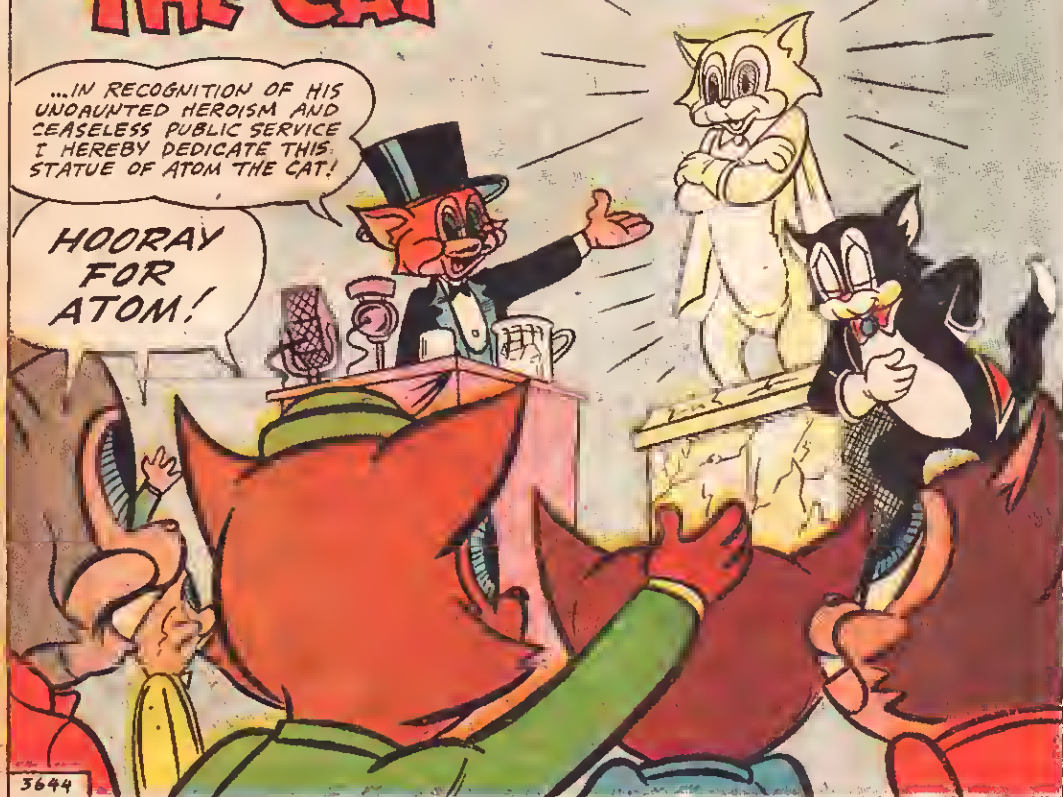
ATOM THE CAT

ATOM THE CAT

in THE CANNONBALL THAT ALMOST WASN'T

...IN RECOGNITION OF HIS
UNDAUNTED HEROISM AND
CEASELESS PUBLIC SERVICE
I HEREBY DEDICATE THIS
STATUE OF ATOM THE CAT!

HOORAY
FOR
ATOM!



3644

HOORAY!

PHOOEY!

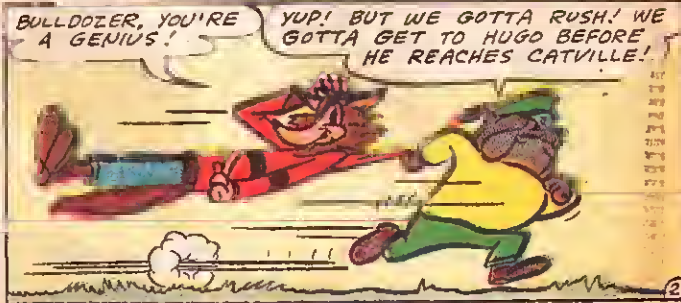
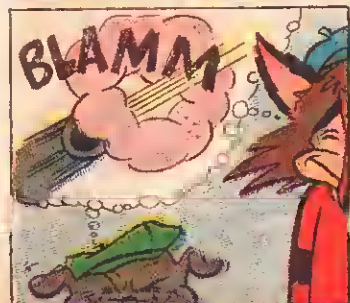
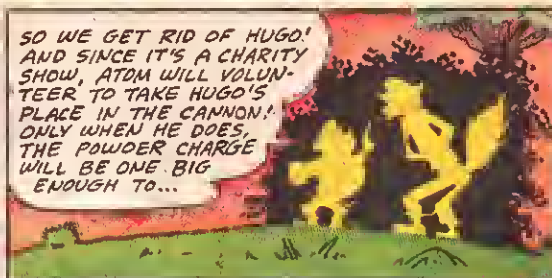
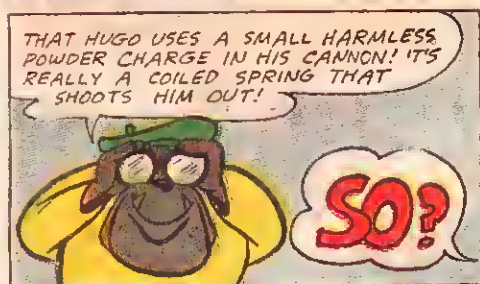
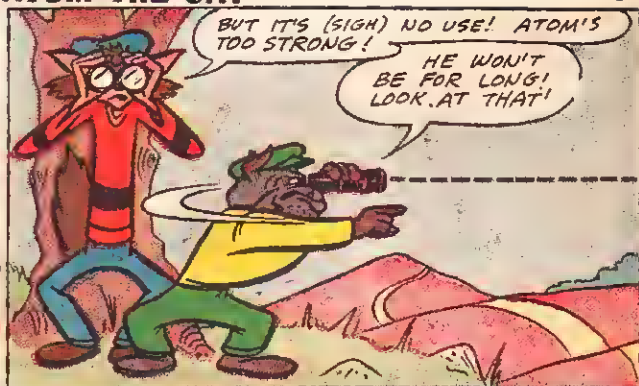
BOOOO!

SICKENING HOW
THEY ALL KEEP
CHEERING ATOM...
HUH, LONG JOHN?

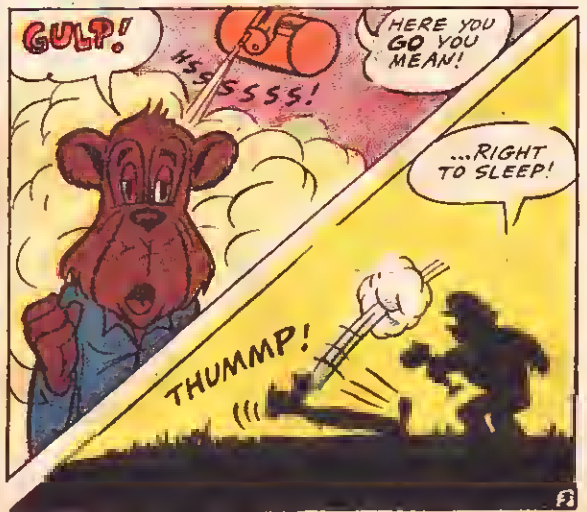
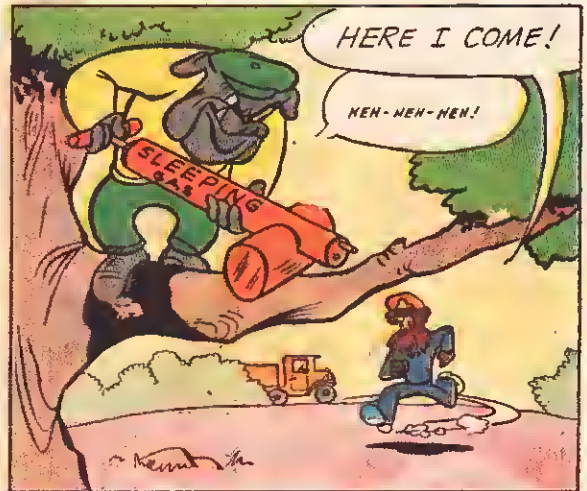
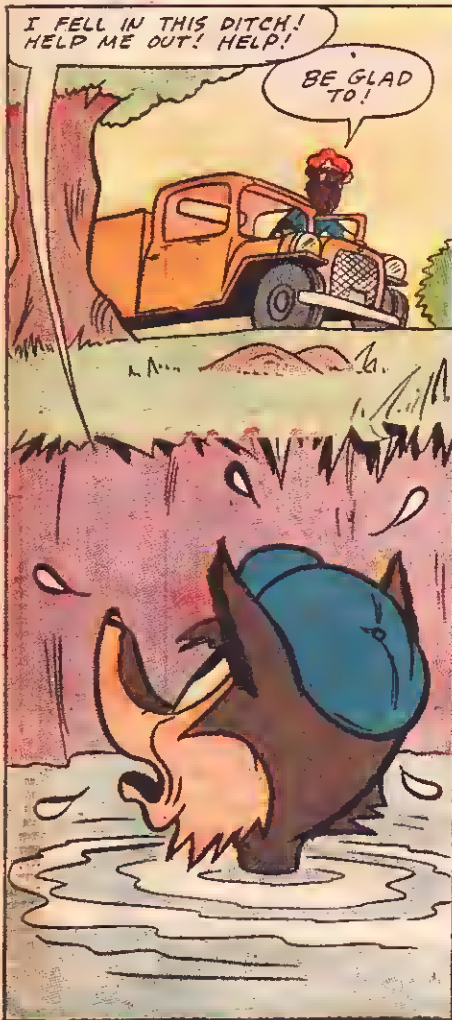
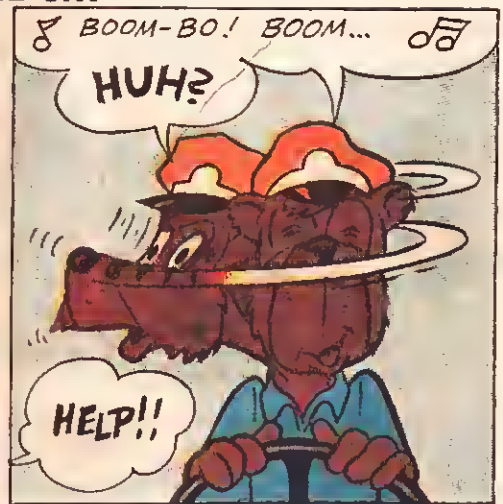
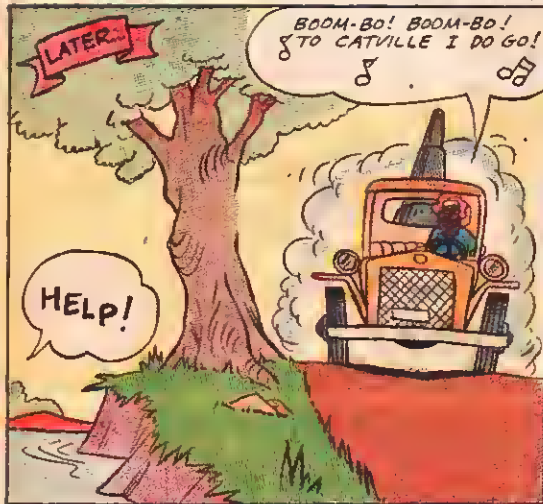
POSITIVELY
DISGUSTING...
HUH, BULLDOZER!



ATOM THE CAT

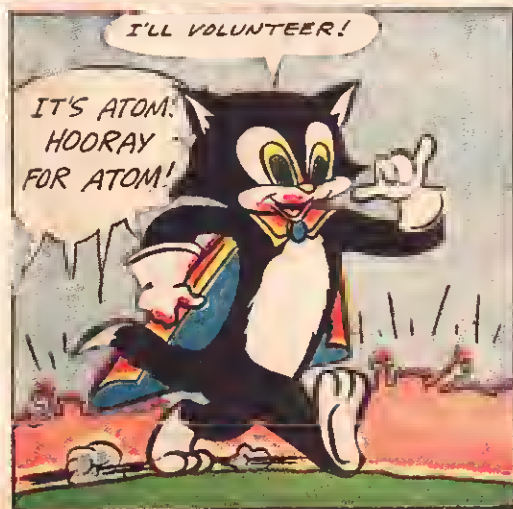
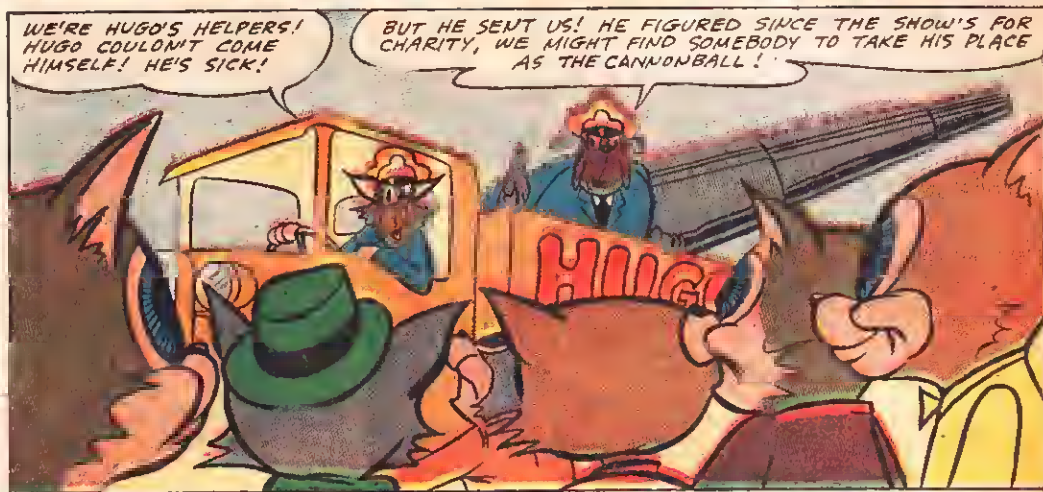
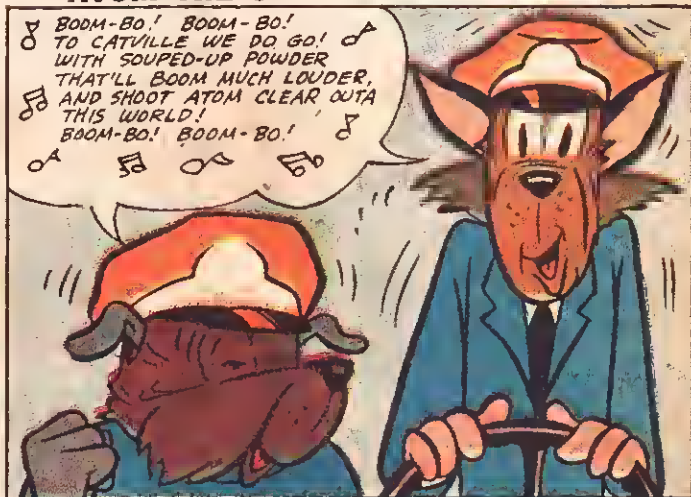
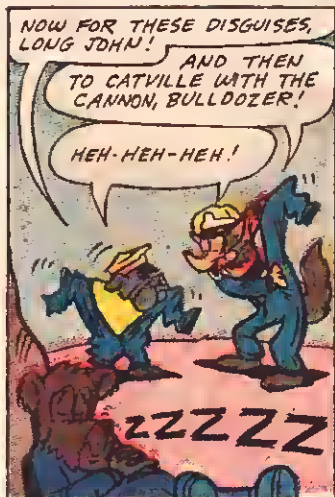


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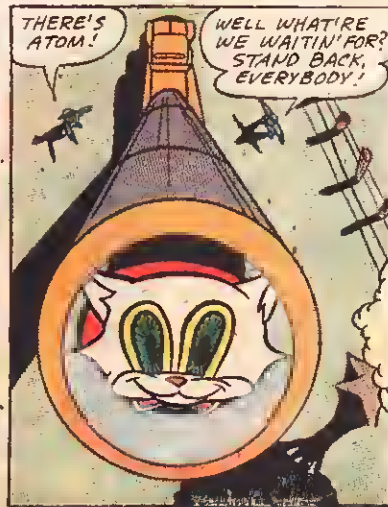
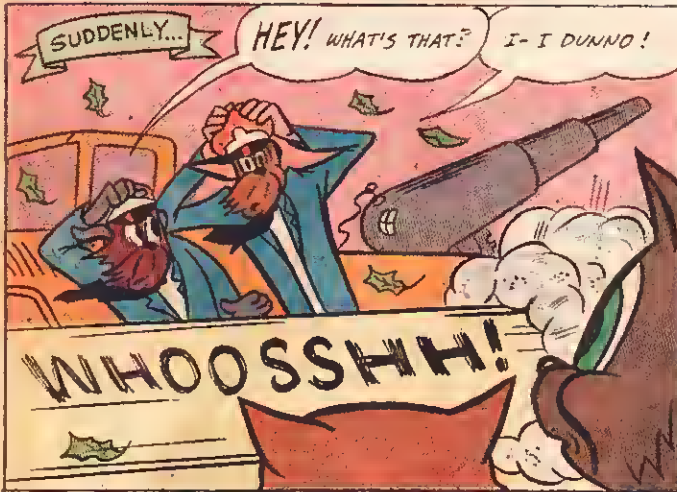
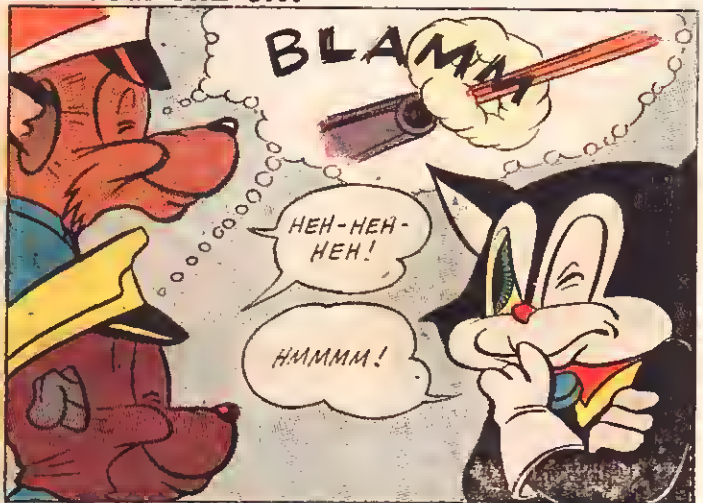


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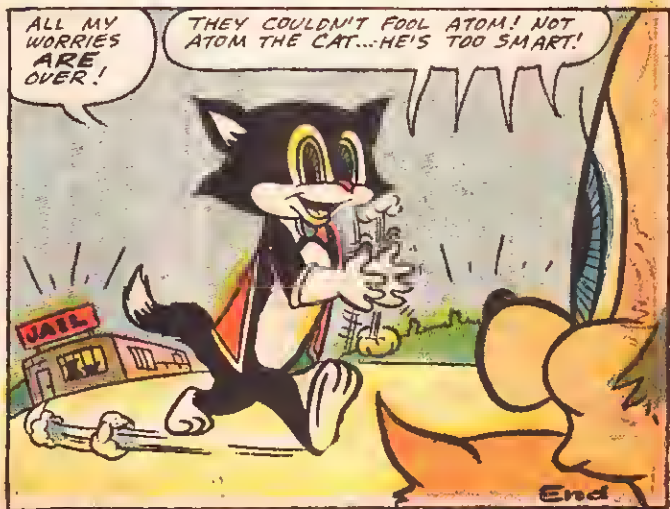
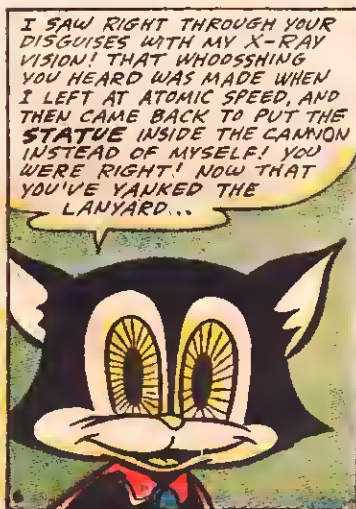
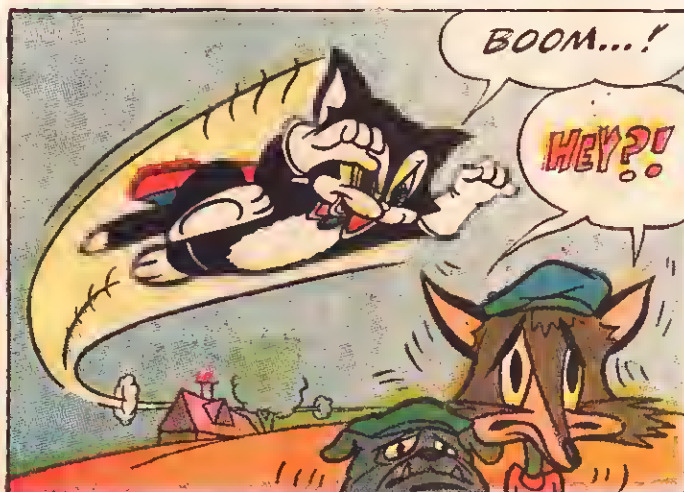
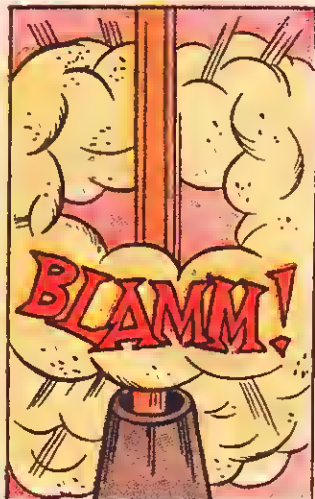
51



ATOM THE CAT



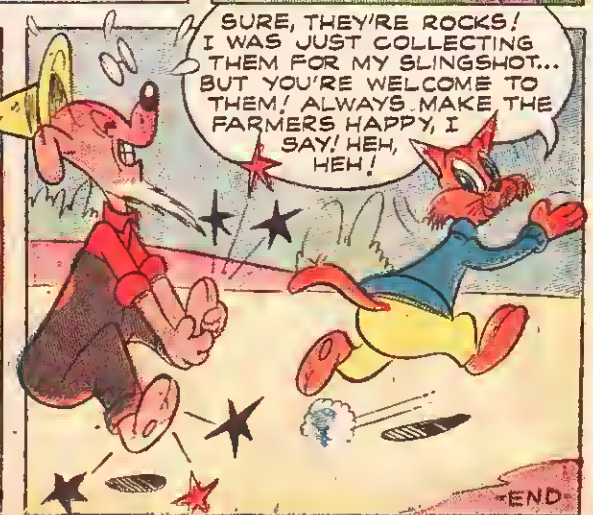
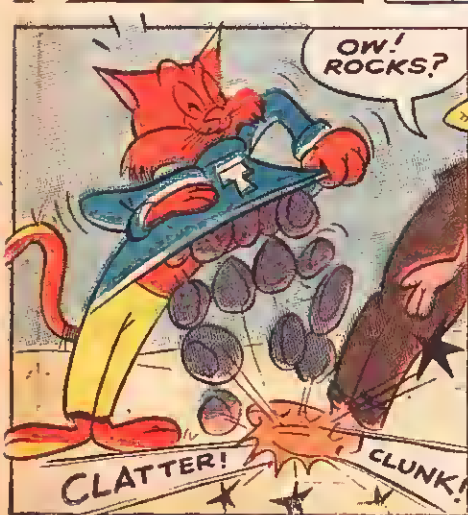
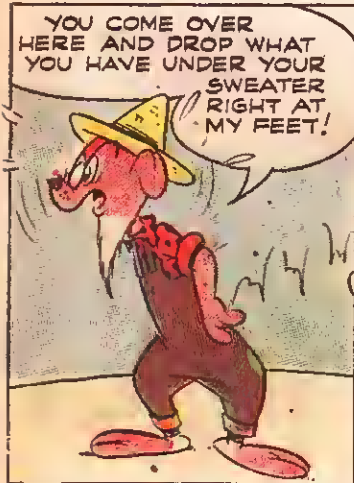
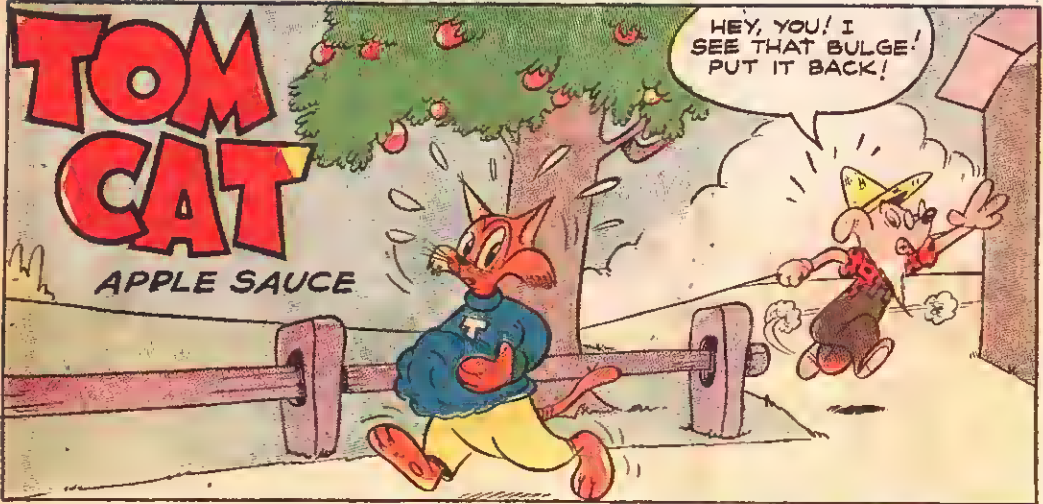
ATOM THE CAT



ATOM THE CAT

TOM CAT

APPLE SAUCE



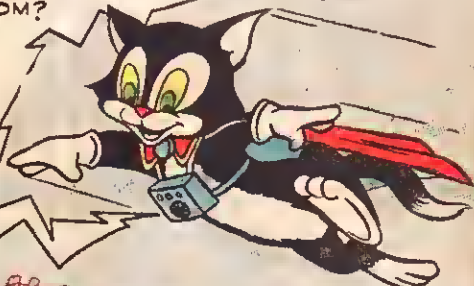
ATOM THE CAT

ATOM THE CAT

in
THE LUCKY LEGION

FRENCH FOREIGN
LEGION CALLING
ATOM THE CAT! ONE
OF OUR FORTS IS
SURROUNDED BY
HOSTILE ARABS! ONLY
YOU CAN SAVE US!
DO YOU HEAR US,
ATOM?

I NOT ONLY
HEAR YOU,
I'M ALREADY
ON MY
WAY....!



3634

JUST HOLD
THE FORT
UNTIL I
GET
THERE!

VIVE LA FRANCE!
VIVE ATOM
THE CAT!

THE
LEGION
IS MOST
LUCKY.

IT WILL BE A
MERE MOMENT
BEFORE ATOM
ARRIVES TO
RESCUE
US!

COULD IT BE THAT THE
LEGIONNAIRES ARE
SPEAKING TOO SOON??

COULD IT BE THAT THEY
ARE NOT AS LUCKY AS
THEY THINK??

COULD IT BE THAT IT WILL TAKE MUCH LONGER THAN
A "MERE MOMENT" FOR ATOM THE CAT TO COME TO
THEIR RESCUE??

♪ HEIGH-HO! HEIGH-HO! ♪
♪ TO AFRICA I FLY... ♪

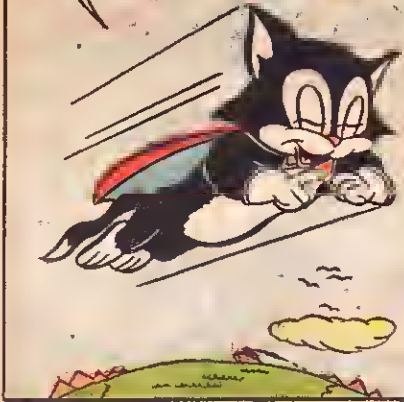


ATOM THE CAT

DO YOU SEE THAT STORM CLOUD?
DO YOU HEAR THAT THUNDER?
WELL, ATOM IS SO BUSY FLYING
AND SINGING, HE DOESN'T...

WITH A BIFF-BIFF-BANG AND
A SOCKO STRONG, I'LL BOUNCE
THOSE ARABS BACK
WHERE THEY BELONG
HEIGH-HO...

RRRRUMMBLE!



UNTIL IT'S TOO LATE!

HEIGH-HO! TO...

KRAK KKK!
OWWCH!

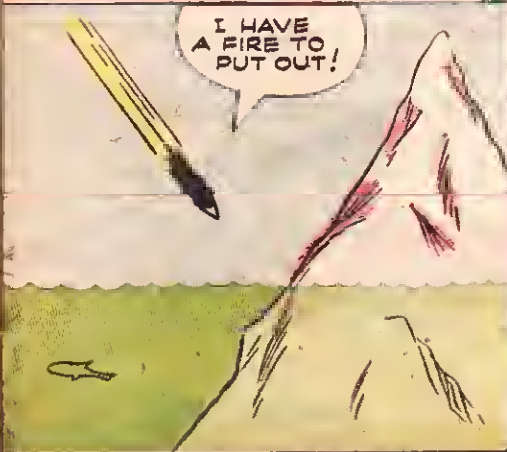


HERE I
COME,
OCEAN...!

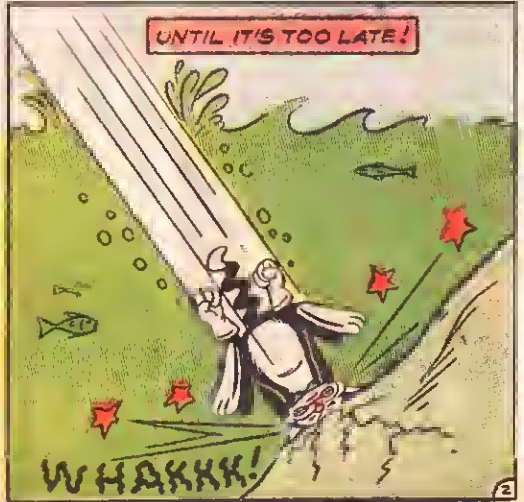


AND NOW ATOM IS SO BUSY DIVING,
HE DOESN'T SEE THAT ICEBERG...!

I HAVE
A FIRE
TO
PUT OUT!

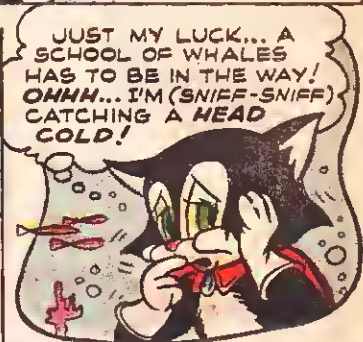
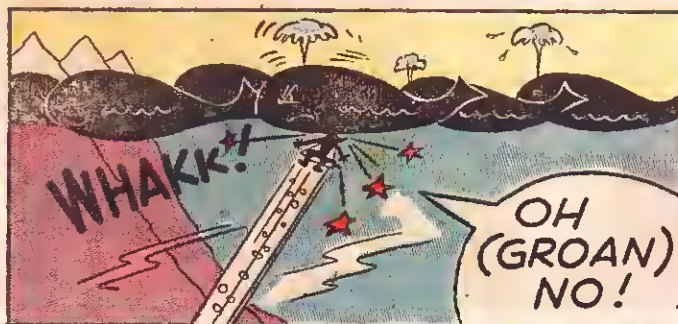
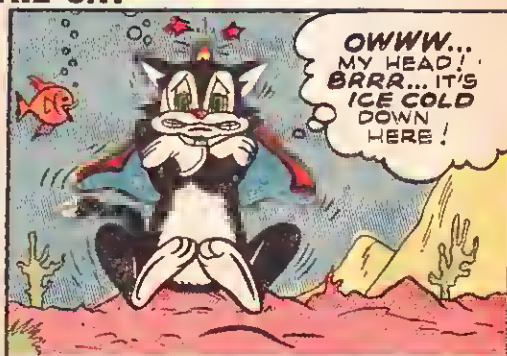


UNTIL IT'S TOO LATE!

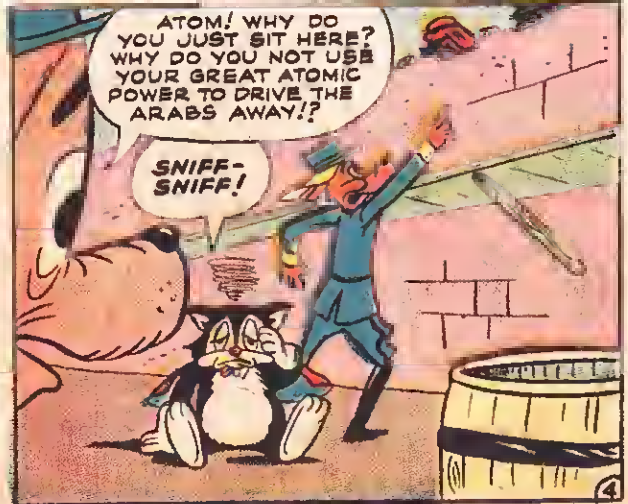
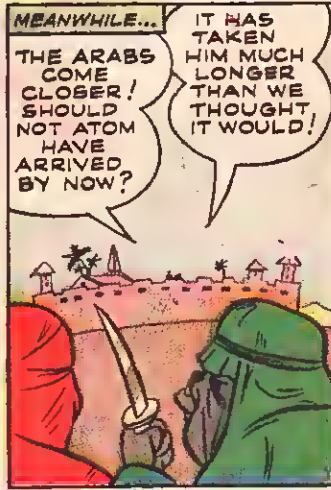
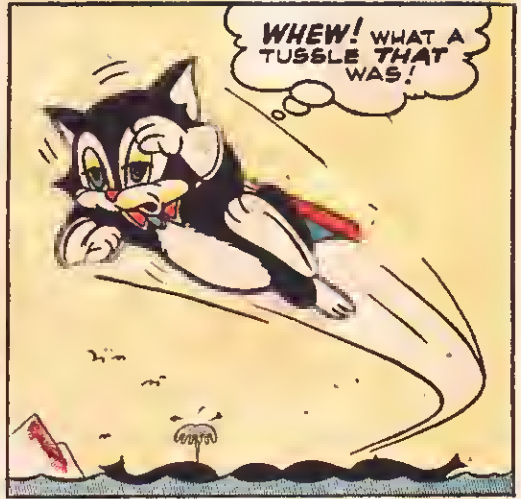
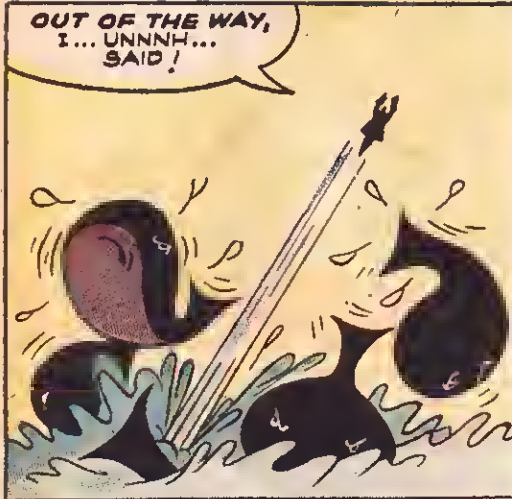


WHAKKK!

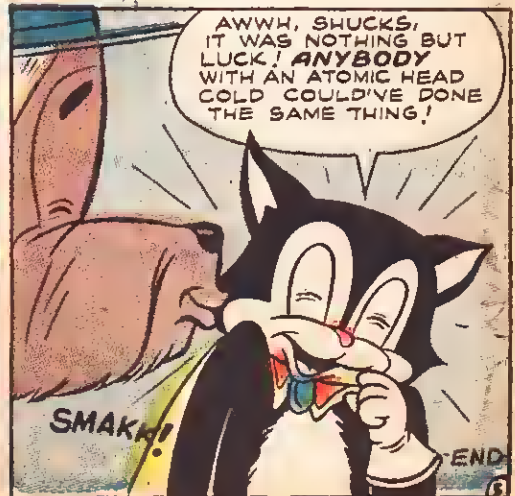
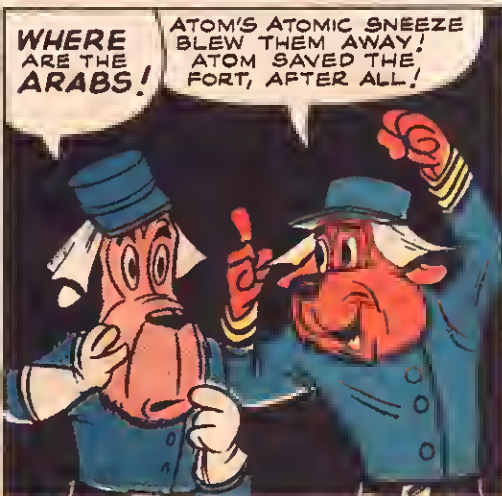
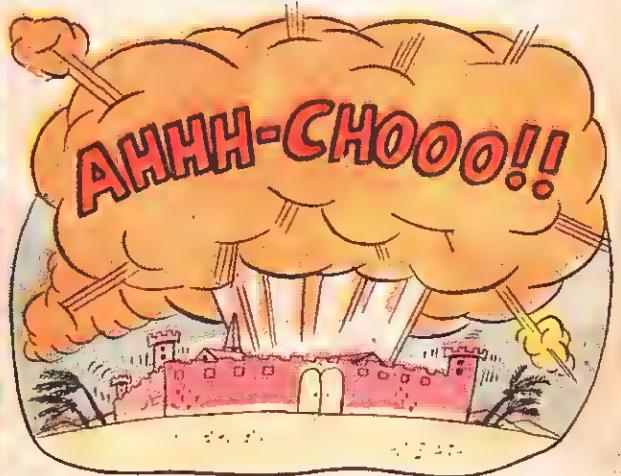
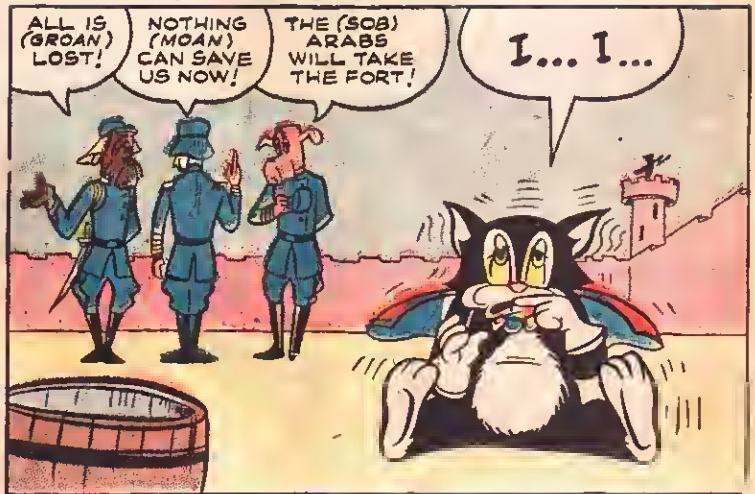
ATOM THE CAT



ATOM THE CAT



ATOM THE CAT



ATOM THE CAT

ATOM THE CAT

in

CUCKOO CAT GOES HUNTING

3603

WATCH THIS SHOT, ATOM!

I'M WATCHING, CUCKOO!

BLAMM!

WELL, WHAT'RE YA WAITIN' FOR? GET MOVIN'!

AHHH... I CAN SEE IT NOW! I CAN SEE JUST WHAT HE'LL BE CARRYIN' WHEN HE COMES BACK!

CAN YOU?

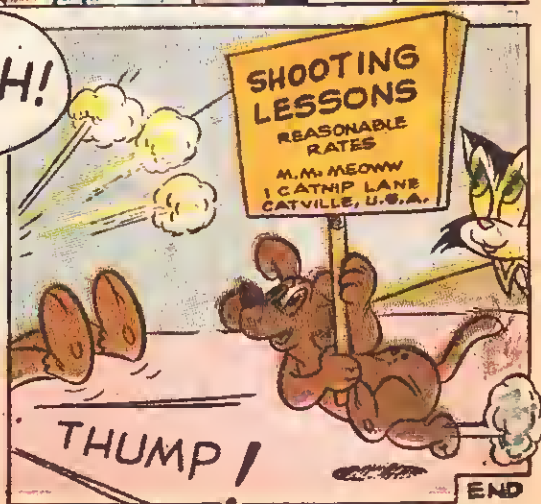
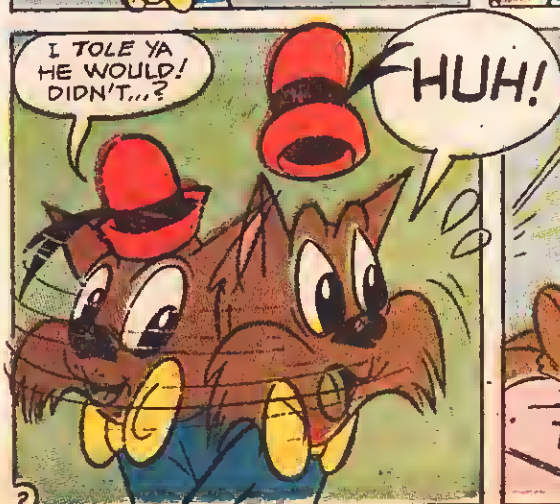
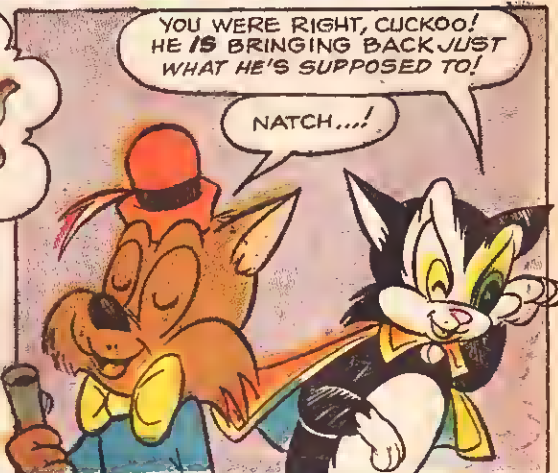
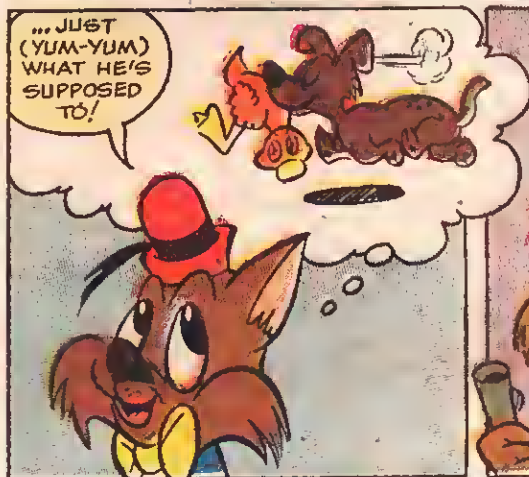
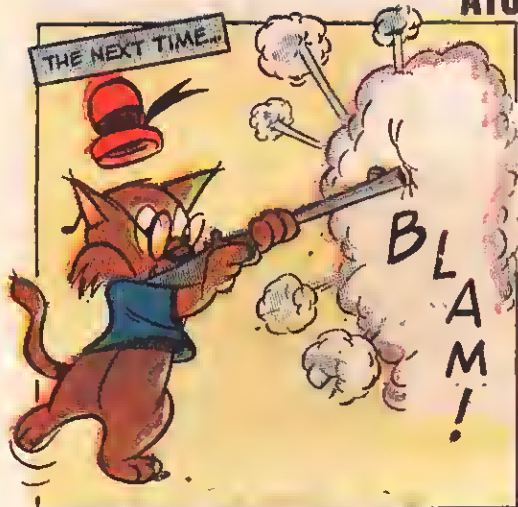
NATCH! THE CATCH!

WELL, HERE HE COMES, SO TAKE A GOOD LOOK!

...AND MAYBE NEXT TIME YOU'LL BE ABLE TO SEE EVEN BETTER!

HMPF!

ATOM THE CAT



A REAL MOBILE TANK

Over 6 Ft. Long



ONLY

\$4.98

FEATURES

- Intercom System
- Revolving turret
- Elevating 75MM cannon
- Co-axial machine gun
- Range-finder sight for pin-pointing targets
- Real periscope permits you to see the enemy without exposing yourself
- 2 way radio controls
- Whip antenna and flag

**Large Enough for Two Kids
But Can Be Handled By One**

10 Day Free Trial

Order this sensational "General Patton" Tank on 10 day free trial. If you are not 100% delighted then your purchase price will be refunded.

MONEY BACK GUARANTEE

Honor House Products Corp Dept. G1-39,
Lynbrook, New York

Rush my "General Patton" Tank at once. If I am not 100% delighted, I may return after 10 day free trial for prompt refund of full purchase price.

- ☐ I enclose \$4.98 plus 63c shipping charge.
☐ Send C.O.D. I will pay postman on delivery plus 63c shipping charge.

Name _____

Address _____

It's Mobile — Pilot gets INSIDE — Guns Swivel — Turret Turns — Imagine your thrill when you get inside this authentic replica of the mighty "General Patton" tank and power forward to adventure. This six foot hunk of equipment is so realistic with its mighty cannon, swiveling machine gun, simulated treads, and other authentic tank features that it's bound to bring squeals of delight from any young warrior. And, when you and a pal get right down into the fully equipped control room and close the cockpit cover — you can bet you're using your mobile power to devastate every imaginary enemy in your path. Sturdily constructed for long periods of fun, it's bound to bring more thrills and adventures than you've ever known from a toy. So don't delay! Act now. Only \$4.98. Because of its gigantic size we are forced to ask for an additional 63c shipping charges.

DEVELOP MUSCLES OF STEEL!

**START BUILDING A SUPER
BODY IN JUST 10 DAYS**

only **\$1.00**

Earn the respect of all you meet!

"Power Gym" will develop your chest, biceps, triceps, neck, back, shoulder, stomach and legs. In just 10 short days you'll start showing the results that will earn you the respect of all your friends—the admiration of all the girls. You'll develop a powerful, masculine physique that will keep you fit, healthy and in top shape always. So don't delay! Start now on your way to a body of steel!

Money Back Guarantee

Honor House Products Corp. Dept. MB-25
Lynbrook, New York

Rush my "Power Gym" Muscle Builder at once. If I am not 100% delighted I may return it after 10 day free trial for full refund of purchase price.

- ☐ I enclose \$1 plus 25c shipping charges.
☐ Send C.O.D. I will pay postman on delivery plus C.O.D.

Name _____

Address _____

YOU'LL FEAR NO ONE

Imagine how proud you'll be when your muscles begin to bulge and your body begins to take on the powerful, rock-hard appearance of a "M. America." You'll fear no one because you're confident of your might! And, wherever you go you'll enjoy the envious glances of other guys, and the open admiration of all the girls who'll just love to feel your muscles. "Power Gym" is completely made of elastic rubber. Only \$1 plus 25c shipping charges.

10 DAY FREE TRIAL

Order now! If you aren't 100% satisfied with the improvements shown in just 10 days return to us for full refund of purchase price.

Features

- Develops a muscular frame
- Keeps you trim and healthy
- Fear no one
- Be envied and admired
- Made of elasticized rubber

GIANT TOY COLLECTION

500 TOYS

All For Only

\$1.00
Postpaid

Hours and Hours of FUN!

Here's everything a boy and girl ever dreamed of—Tractors, Cars, Trucks, Space Ships, Circus Animals, Farm Animals, Railroad Engines and Cars, Soldiers, Cowboys and Indians, Tanks, Bazookas, Cruisers, Tanks, Artillery, Farm Equipment, Heavy Road Equipment, Jets, Bombers, Rockets, etc.

NOT AVAILABLE IN STORES

True, TWO DIMENSIONAL reproductions of expensive toys. Each to stand up on its own base. Up to 1½" high and 2¾" long.
Limit — 5 sets to a customer.

MONEY BACK GUARANTEE

LIMIT -- 5 Sets To A Customer

BREA TOY MFG., Dept. 8201, 114 E. 32 St., New York 16, N.Y.

BREA TOY MFG., Dept. 8201, 114 E. 32 St., New York 16, N. Y.

Dear Sirs: Please rush me..... sets of GIANT TOY COLLECTION

At \$1.00 per set. I enclose \$..... ☐ Check ☐ Cash

(Sorry no C.O.D.'s)

☐ Money Order

Name

Address

City Zone State

BARNYARD FROLIC

Most of the people who lived in Havenville were farmers, and this meant that, at sunset, most of the people were ready for sleep. Farmer Jones and his wife, Matilda, were no exceptions. Both had put in a long hard day.

"That sure was a good supper, Mattie," said Farmer Jones to his wife.

Matilda smiled, for she knew that when her husband called her this pet name, the supper must have been especially good. "I'm glad you liked it dear," she replied.

"I sure am tired," said Farmer Jones as he yawned. "I'll help you with those dishes and then we can get some sleep. I checked the barn, the chicken coop and the pig sty before I came in for dinner and everything's o. k.; all the animals are asleep, too."

"Good," answered Matilda, as she went about the business of removing the empty plates from the table.

The dishes were soon done, and shortly after that, Farmer Jones and Mrs. Jones were fast asleep in their big comfortable feather-bed.

Meanwhile, in the barn, Dippy Duck and Red Rooster were standing on the cider keg looking out the little barn window. "There goes their light," said Dippy to Red.

"Finally! Now we can get started," answered Red Rooster.

Dippy Duck said happily, "Let's tell the others that we can start anytime now."

"O. K.," said Red Rooster. "I'll go over to the chicken house and the pig sty while you tell the horses, the other ducks, and the cows."

The two friends started happily on their way to tell their friends their good news. Oh, you would like to know the good news, too? O. K. You see, the animals on the Farmer Jones' farm were having their annual Country Barn Dance. They had been planning it for weeks and this year had a fiddler, a piano player and a real square dance caller. They planned to use the big barn for their dance, and tonight was the night!

Slowly and quietly, from all corners of the farm, animals of all sizes and shapes were beginning to creep from their sleeping places, moving ever so quietly towards the barn.

The barn was beginning to fill up with happy animals. They chattered and laughed as they awaited the band's arrival.

Red Rooster and Dippy Duck, after notifying their friends, were also on their way back to

the barn. "Hey, will you listen to the racket those guys are making," quacked Dippy.

"We better speed up and tell them to pipe down," said Red. "We don't want to wake up Farmer Jones and his wife before we even start our dance."

The two friends hurried on their way to the barn, and when they got there, quickly quieted the crowd.

Soon after their arrival, Ezekiel Bull, the caller, Hobie Horse, the piano player, and Ron Rabbit, the fiddler, made their entrance amidst loud cheering. The dance was about to begin.

The animals quickly helped Hobie push out the old piano, while the other members of the band set themselves up.

Soon the animals had made their square sets; the instruments were tuning up, and everything was about ready.

Ezekiel called out to Hobie and Ron, "Are you ready?" Then he looked out over the crowded dance floor at the animals and shouted, "Sets in order! Let 'er flicker!"

Then the animals gaily started to dance to the calls of Ezekiel Bull, often getting mixed up, but not minding that too much as they were having so much fun. After three very energetic dances, which left most of the animals panting, the little pig waitress served refreshments of cider and donuts. The animals were glad of this little rest between dances.

Soon intermission was over and the fast, happy dances began again.

Meanwhile, back in the farm house, Farmer Jones felt himself being awakened by something. He stirred in his sleep, sat up, rubbed his eyes and looked around. Matilda, his wife, had not moved and was still sleeping soundly, snoring gently. "Hum," said Farmer Jones, "it must be my imagination. Guess I was dreaming."

With that, he turned over and fell back to sleep in a twinkling. But not for long; this time, the something that awakened him was his wife. Matilda was shaking him and whispering "Wake up, Paw, wake up, I hear something funny."

"What's the matter, Mattie? What do you hear?" asked Farmer Jones, as he yawned a big yawn.

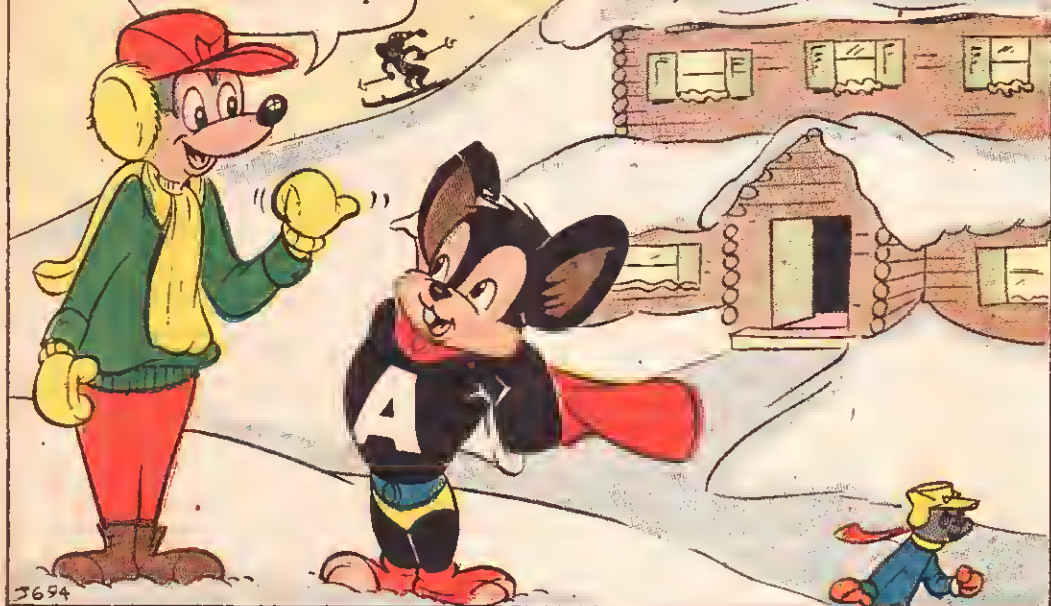
"I don't know what it is, but it sounds like some kind of strange music," said Matilda Jones.

Atomic IN VACATION MOUSE



... SO IF YOU WOULD STAY AT MY LODGE FOR A FEW DAYS, I COULD ADVERTISE THAT YOU WERE HERE AND BUSINESS WOULD BE SURE TO PICK UP!

ALRIGHT! IF YOU THINK IT WILL HELP BUSINESS, MR. KANSKI, I'LL STAY!



3694

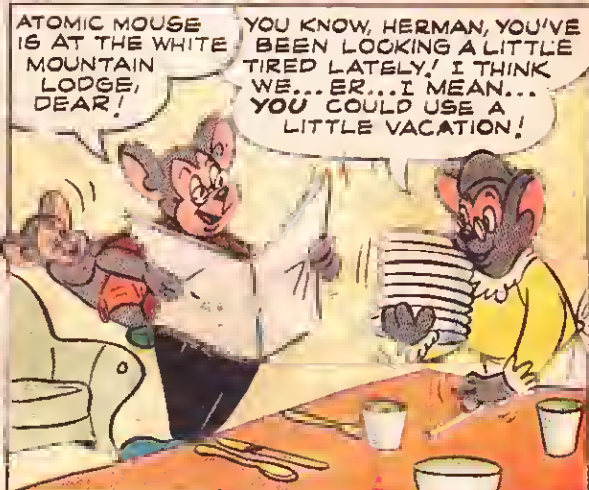
ANYWAY, YOU NEED A VACATION! YOU'VE BEEN WORKING MONTHS WITHOUT LETUP!

MAYBE YOUR RIGHT!

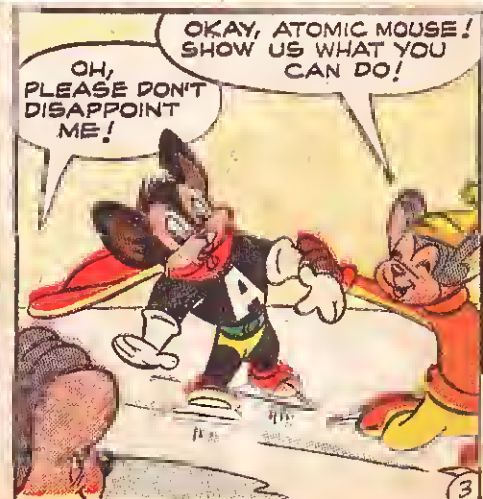
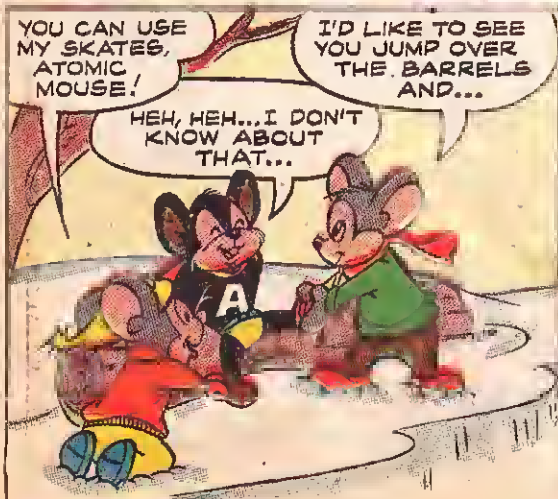
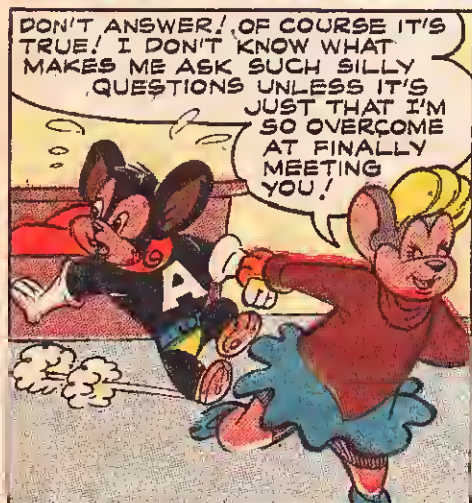
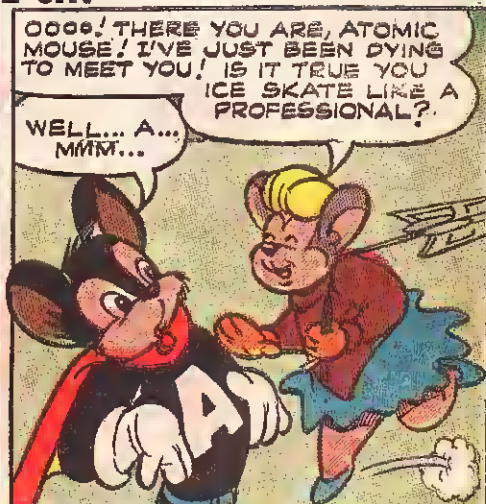
I'LL TELEPHONE THE NEWSPAPER RIGHT AWAY AND ANNOUNCE THAT YOU'RE A GUEST OF MY LODGE! THE PEOPLE SHOULD BE SWARMING IN HERE TOMORROW MORNING!



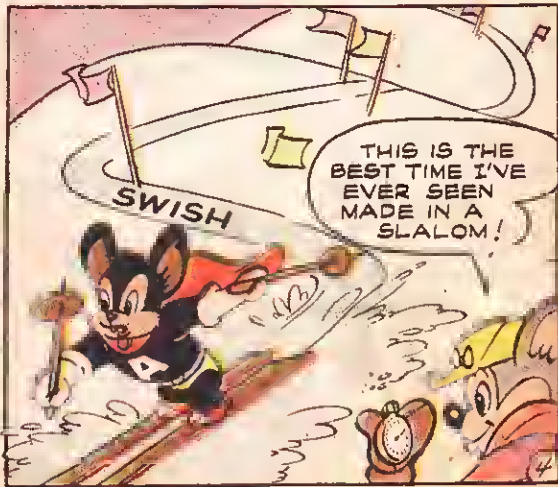
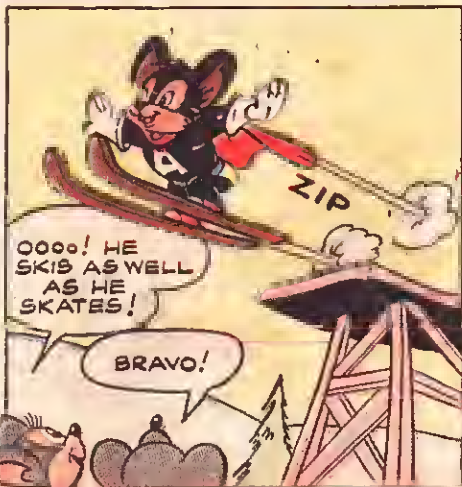
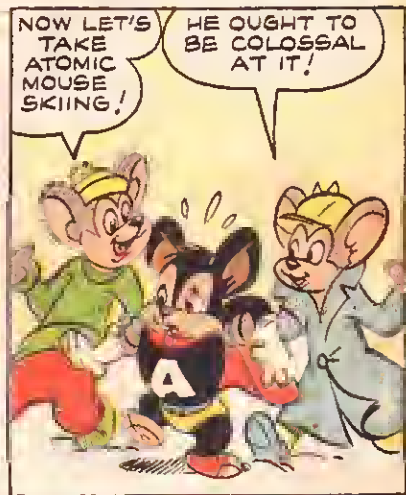
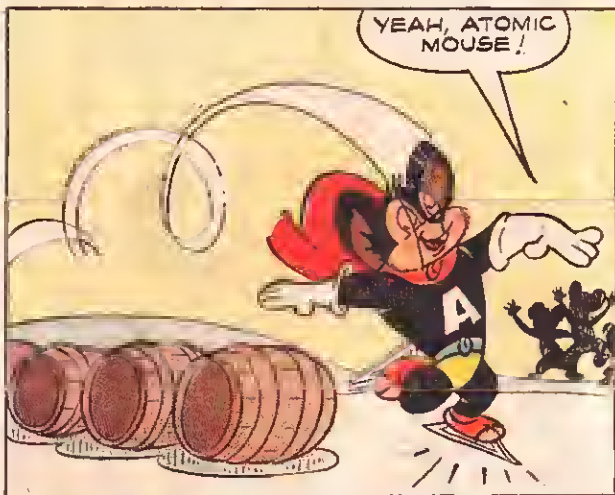
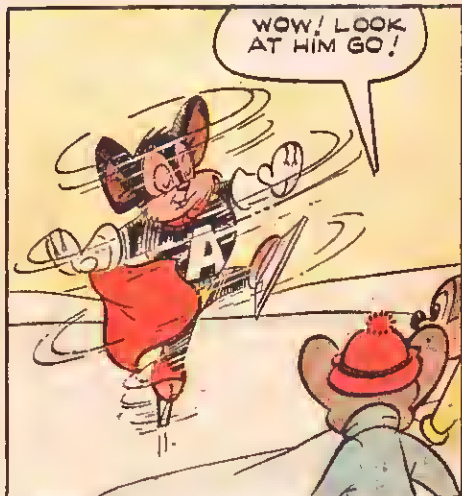
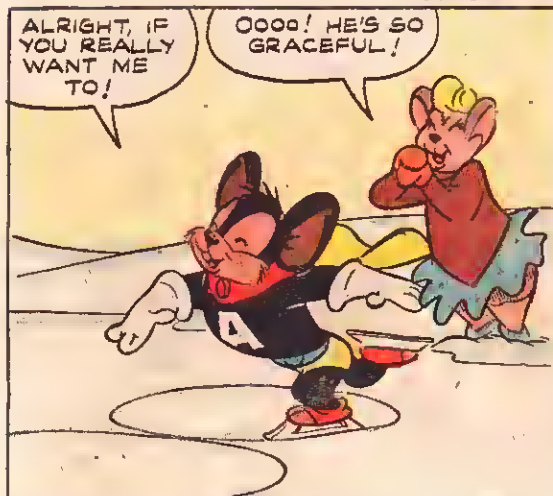
ATOM THE CAT



ATOM THE CAT



ATOM THE CAT

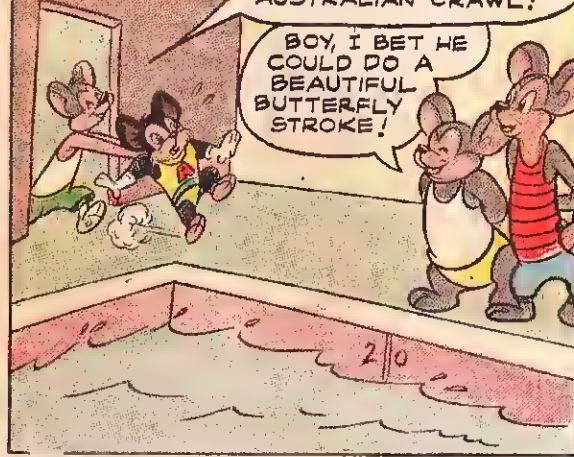


ATOM THE CAT

THE SAME AFTERNOON!

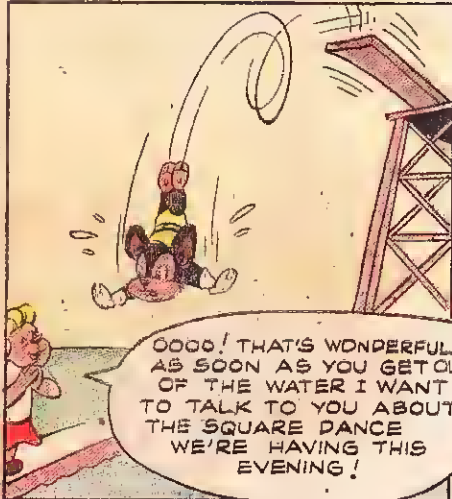
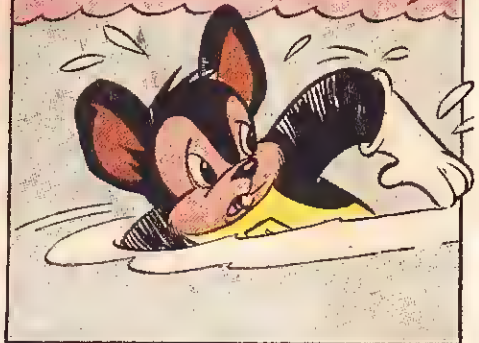
LET'S SEE YOU DO THE AUSTRALIAN CRAWL!

BOY, I BET HE COULD DO A BEAUTIFUL BUTTERFLY STROKE!



TERRIFIC!

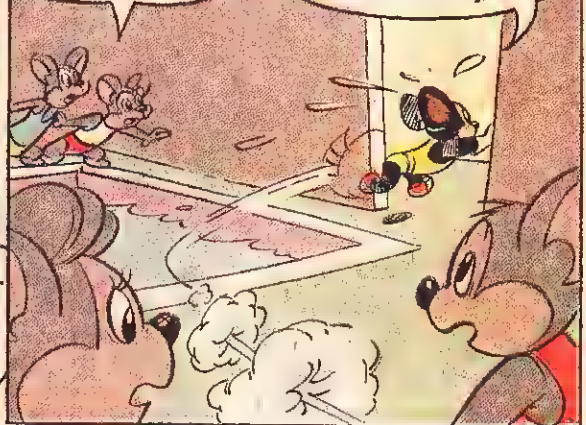
HOW ABOUT A JACK-KNIFE OFF THE BOARD, ATOMIC MOUSE?



OOOO! THAT'S WONDERFUL! AS SOON AS YOU GET OUT OF THE WATER I WANT TO TALK TO YOU ABOUT THE SQUARE DANCE WE'RE HAVING THIS EVENING!

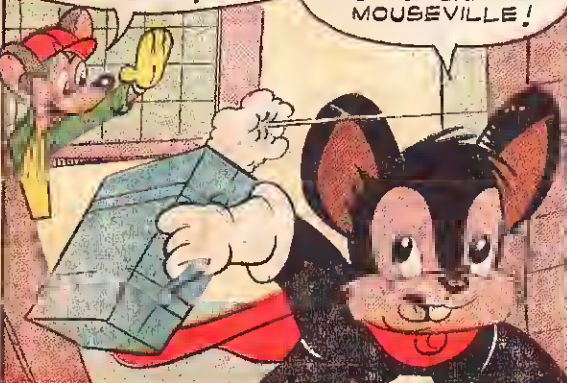
I WONDER WHERE HE'S GOING?

GEE, I WANTED TO SEE HIM DO A SWAN DIVE TOO!



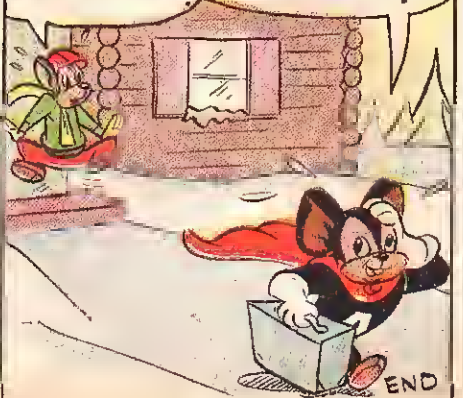
HEY, ATOMIC MOUSE! WHERE ARE YOU GOING SO FAST? DIDN'T YOU HAVE A GOOD TIME TODAY?

OH, I HAD A WONDERFUL TIME, MR. KANSKI, BUT NOW I'D LIKE TO RETURN TO MOUSEVILLE!



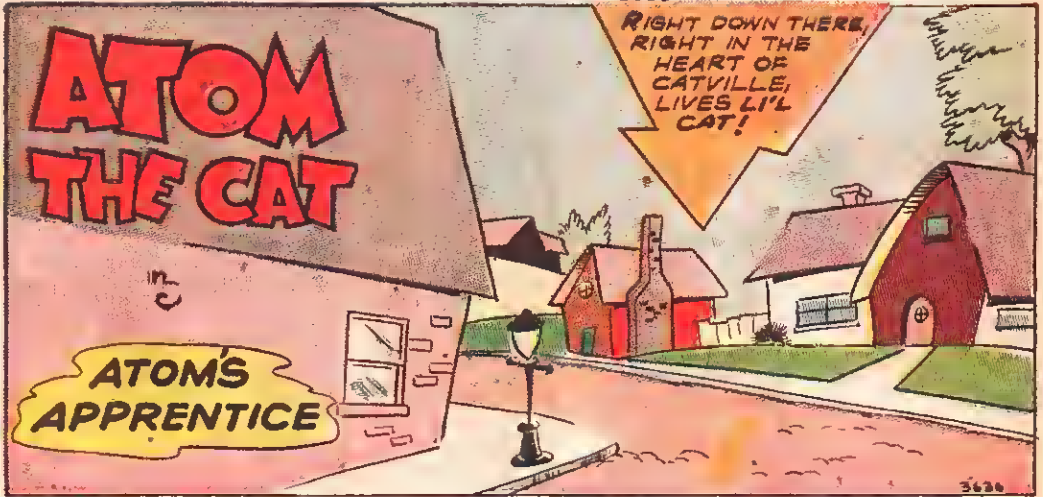
HAS ANOTHER CRIME BEEN COMMITTED IN MOUSEVILLE?

IT'S NOTHING LIKE THAT! IT'S JUST THAT I NEED A VACATION!



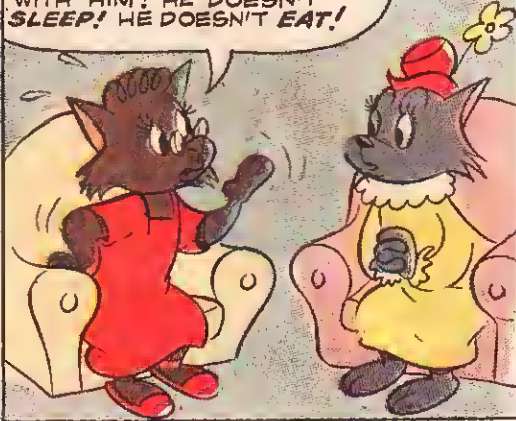
END

ATOM THE CAT



DID WE SAY "LIVES"??

I DON'T KNOW WHAT TO DO WITH HIM! HE DOESN'T SLEEP! HE DOESN'T EAT!

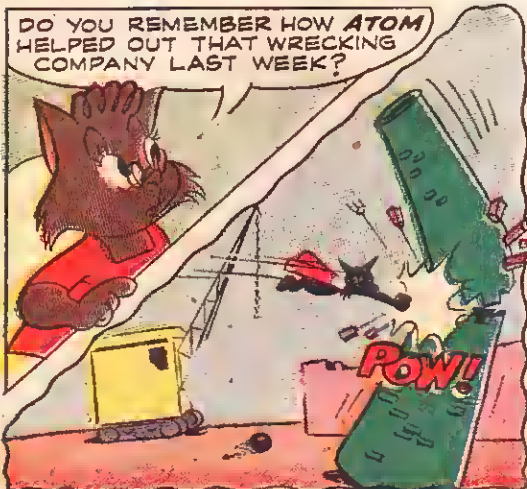


...HE DOESN'T DO ANYTHING BUT (SOB) WISH HE COULD BE EXACTLY LIKE **ATOM THE CAT**!

TSK! TSK!



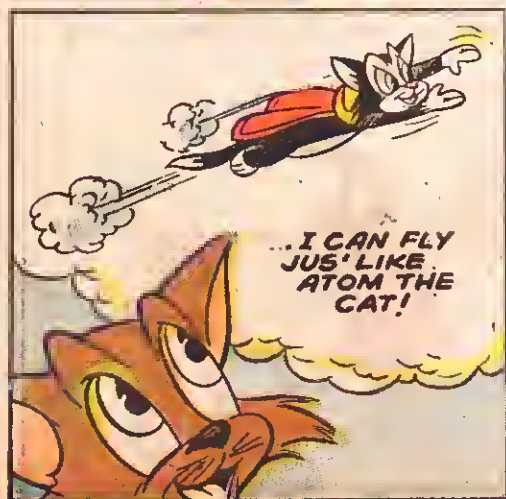
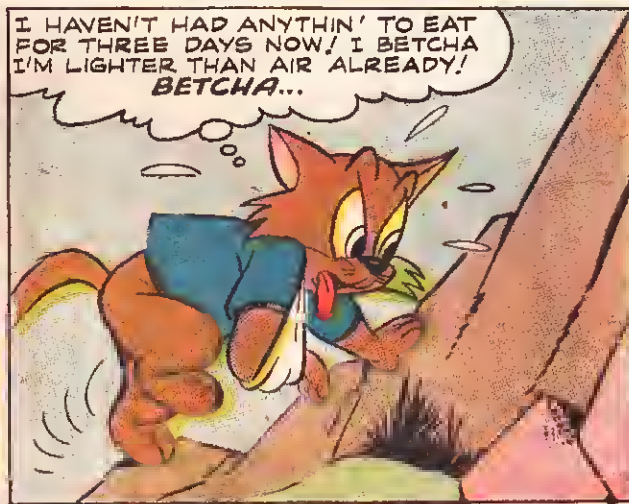
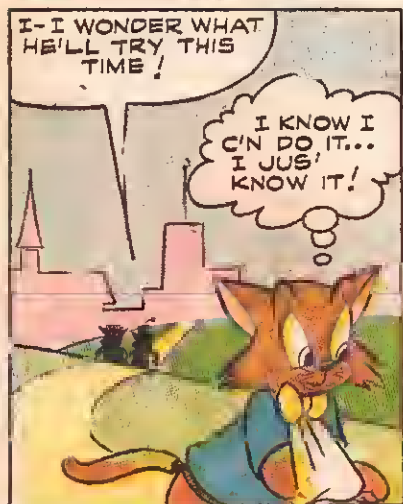
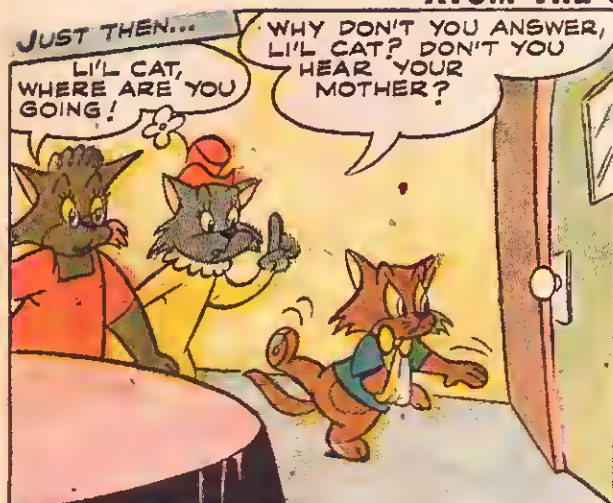
DO YOU REMEMBER HOW **ATOM** HELPED OUT THAT WRECKING COMPANY LAST WEEK?



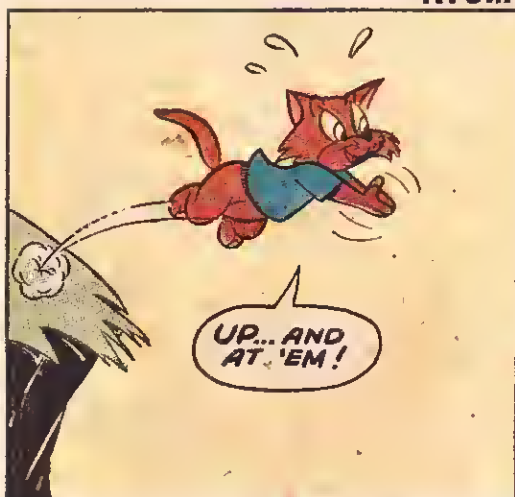
WELL, NATURALLY, LI'L CAT HAD TO TRY THE SAME THING ON A DOLLHOUSE YESTERDAY... AND **NOW** LOOK AT HIM!



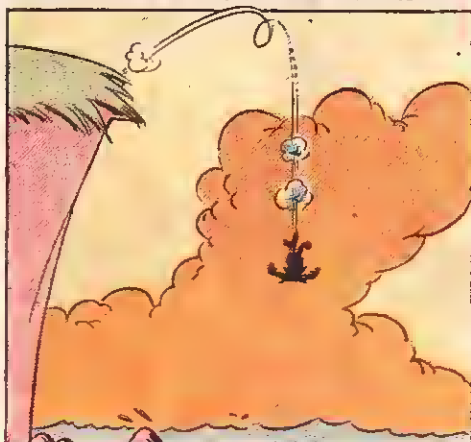
ATOM THE CAT



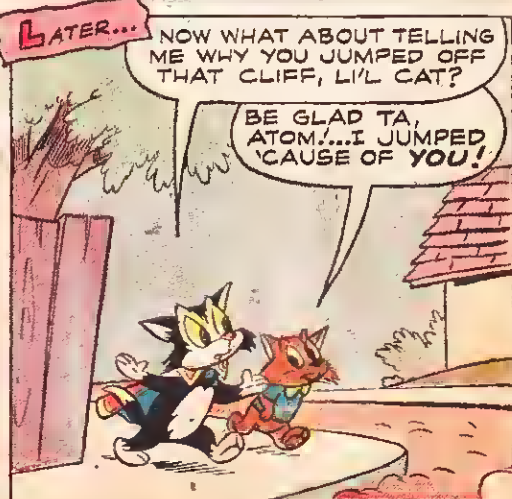
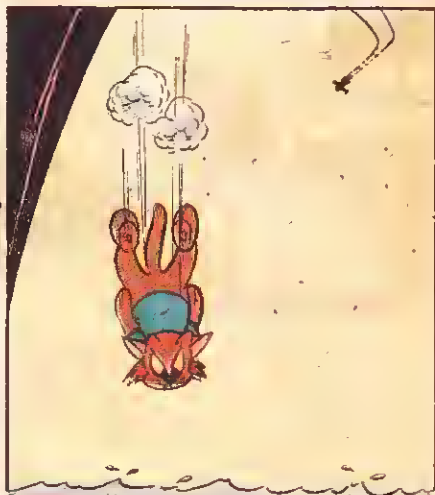
ATOM THE CAT



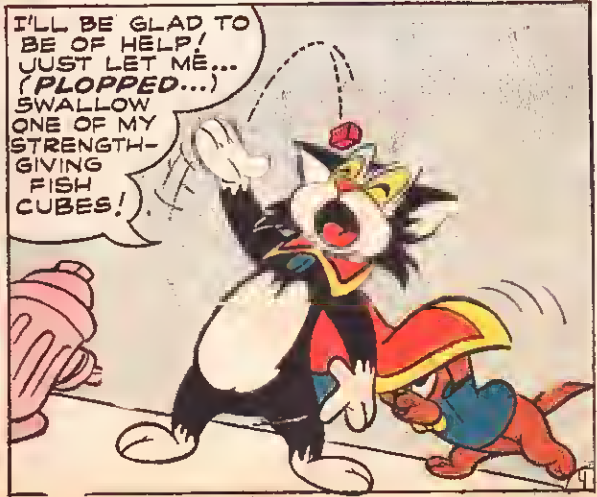
POOR LI'L CAT PLUMMETS DOWN LIKE A ROCK! POOR LI'L...



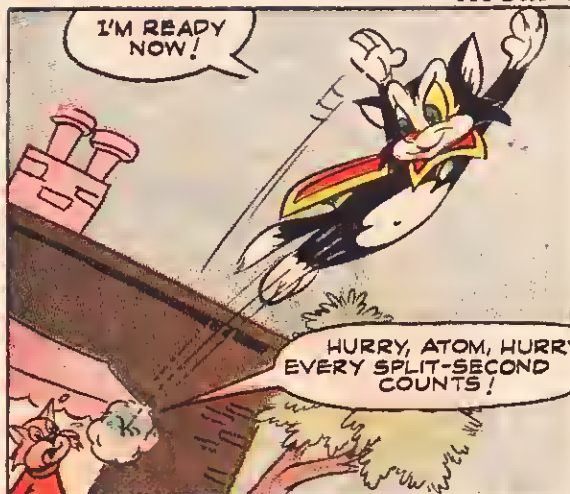
WAIT!
WHAT'S THAT!
IS IT A KITE?
IS IT A SEAGULL?
NO...!



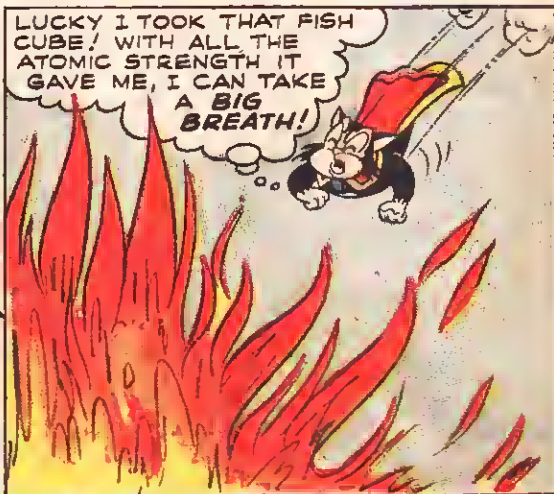
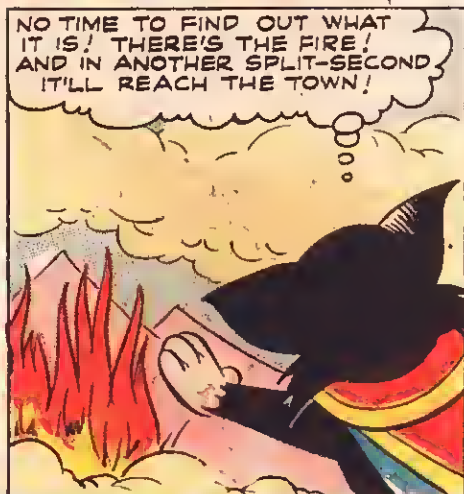
ATOM THE CAT



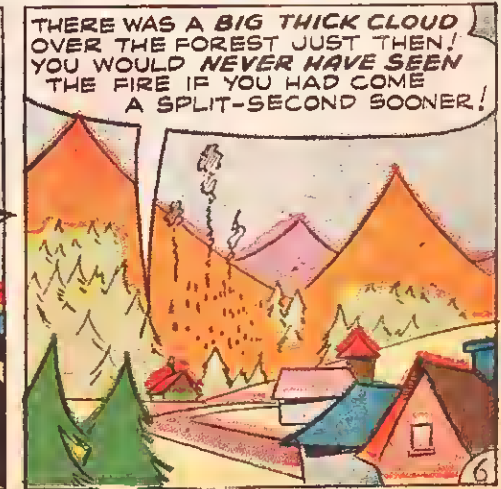
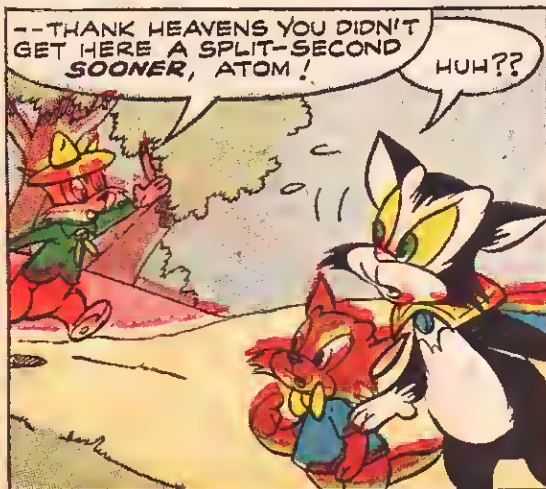
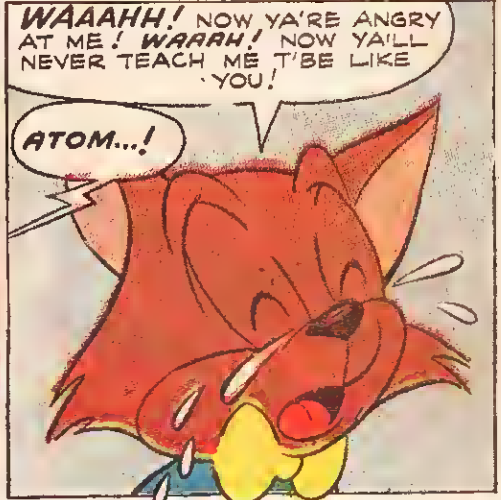
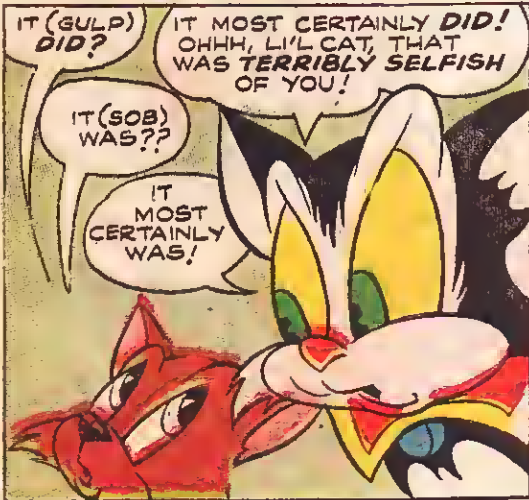
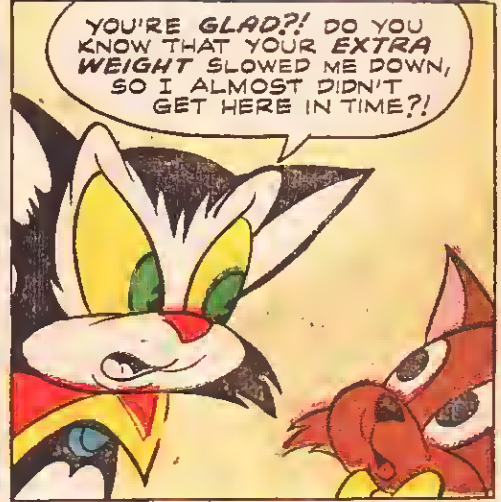
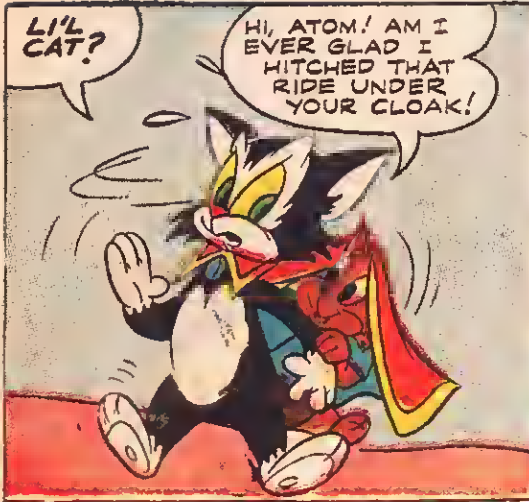
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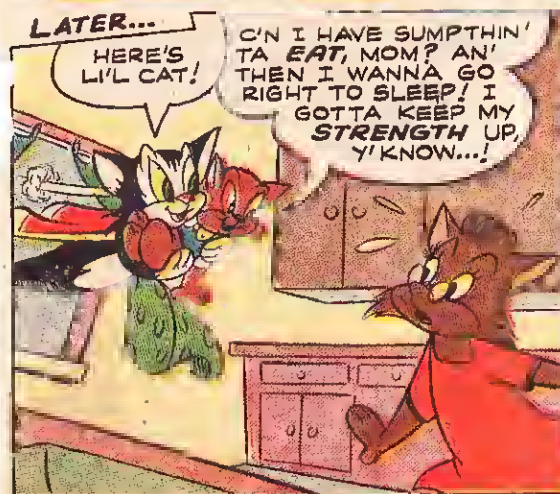
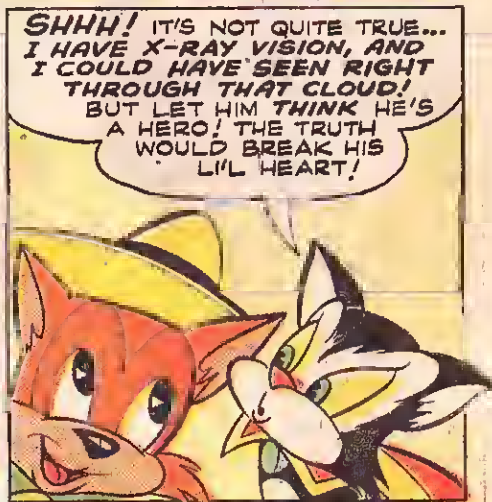
A FEW SPLIT-SECONDS LATER...



ATOM THE CAT



ATOM THE CAT



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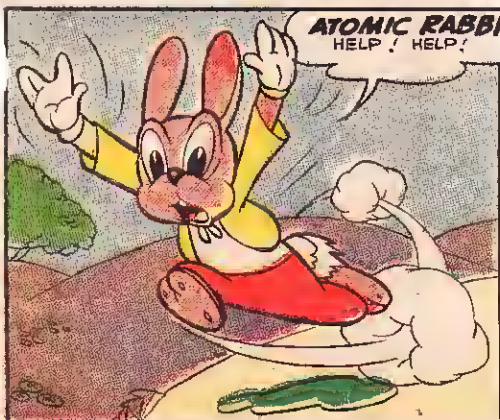
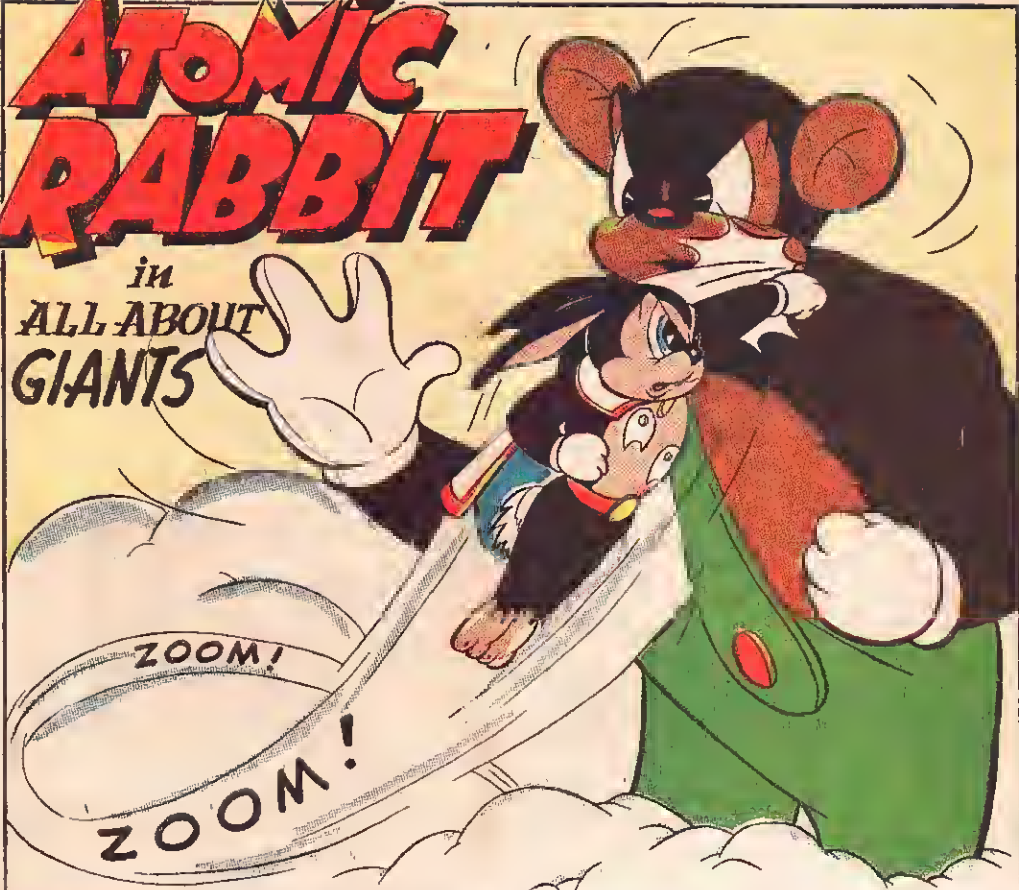
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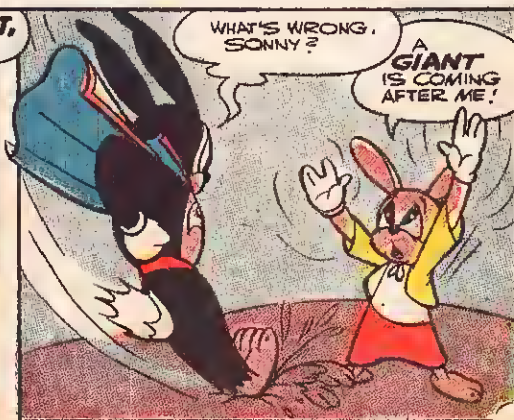
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ATOMIC RABBIT

in
ALL ABOUT
GIANTS

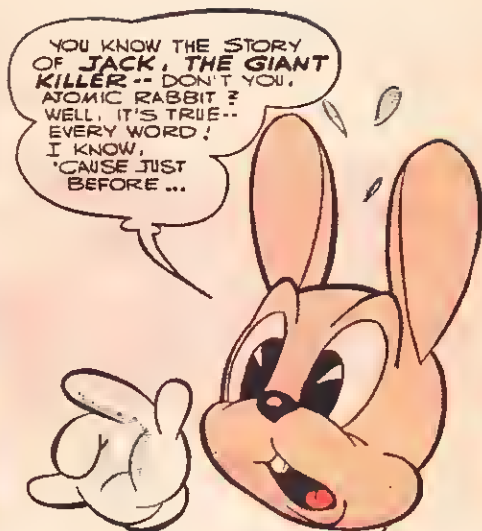
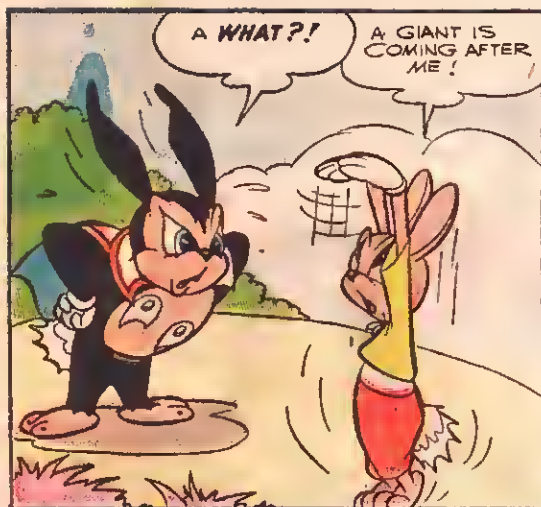


ATOMIC RABBIT,
HELP! HELP!



WHAT'S WRONG,
SONNY?

A
GIANT
IS COMING
AFTER ME!



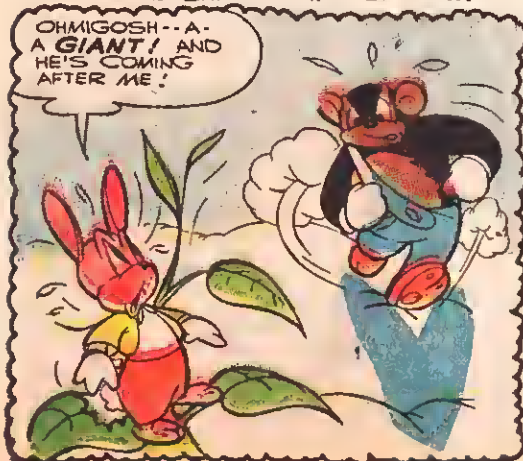
...I FOUND A BIG, BIG BEANSTALK...



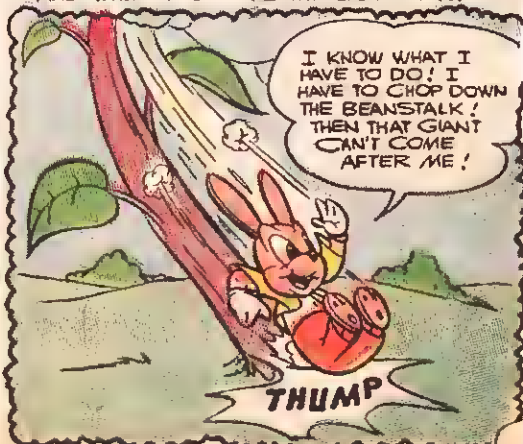
I CLIMBED AND CLIMBED AND CLIMBED AND CLIMBED...

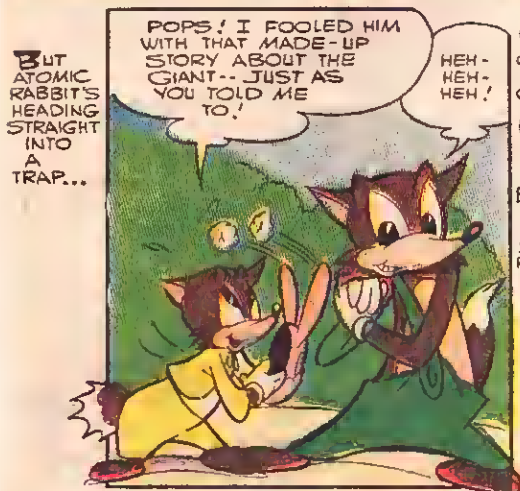
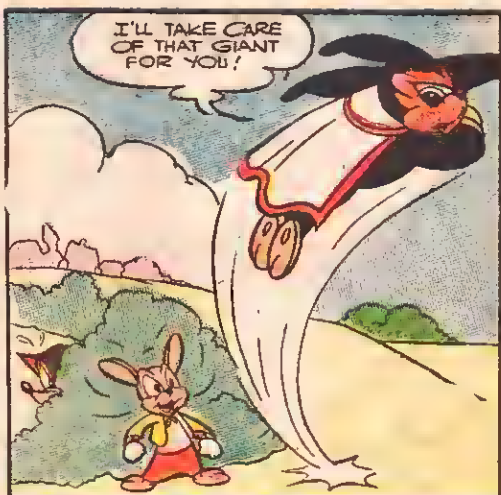
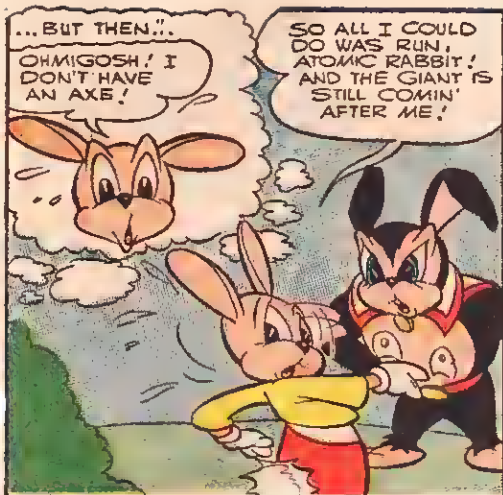


AND THEN I SAW WHAT WAS ON TOP...

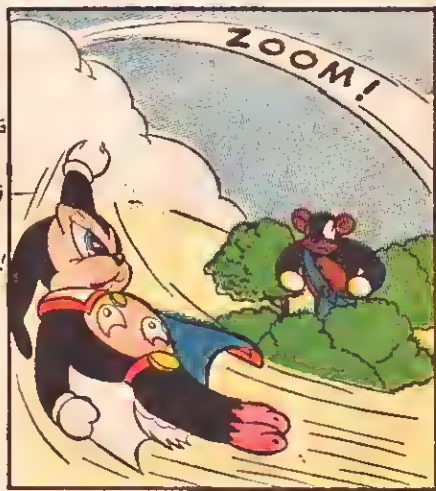


I SCOOTED DOWN AS FAST AS I COULD! AND WHEN I GOT TO THE BOTTOM...





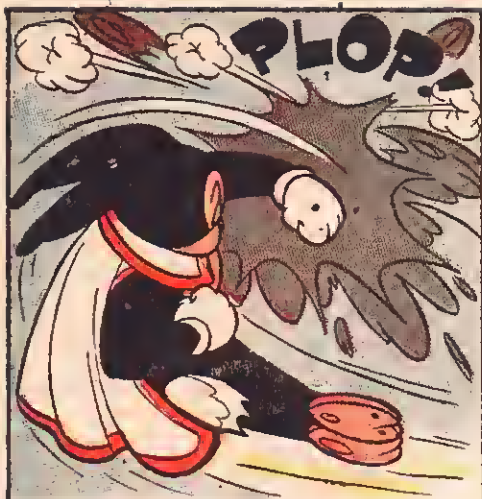
BE-
CAUSE
THAT
GIANT
IS
NOTHING
BUT
A
BIG
BALLOON
MADE
OF
STICKY
RUBBER!



THE MOMENT ATOMIC RABBIT HITS THE BALLOON, IT WILL FALL APART-- AND STRANDS OF STICKY RUBBER WILL WRAP AROUND HIM...

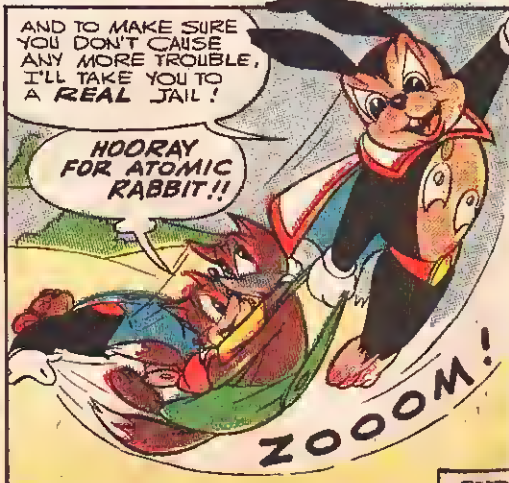
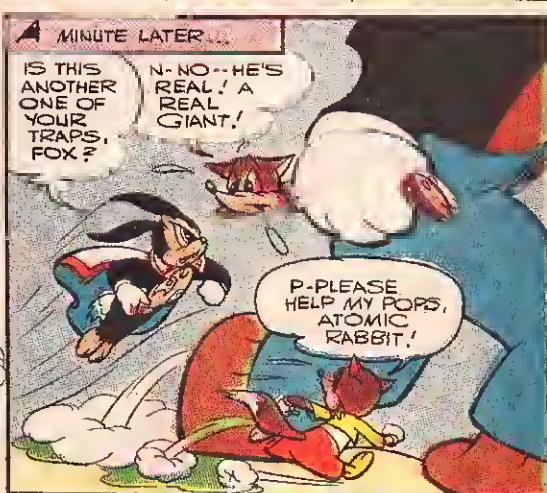
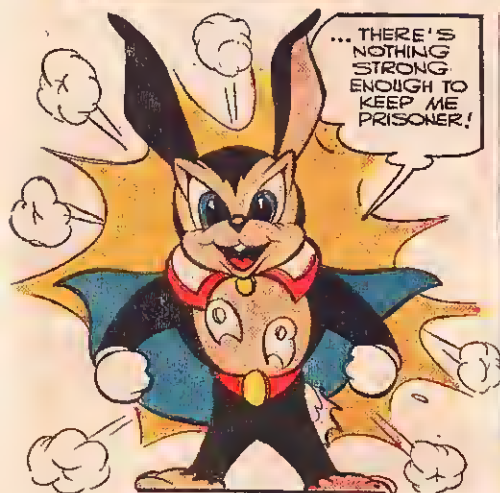
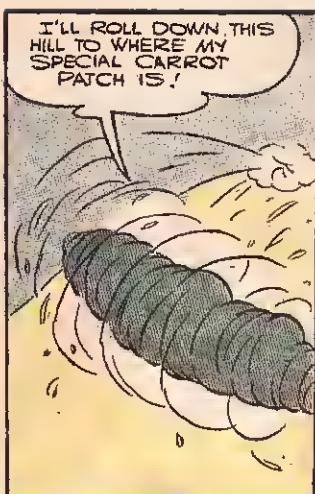
"AND
HOLD
HIM
PRISON-
ER
FOR-
EVER!"





JUST THEN...



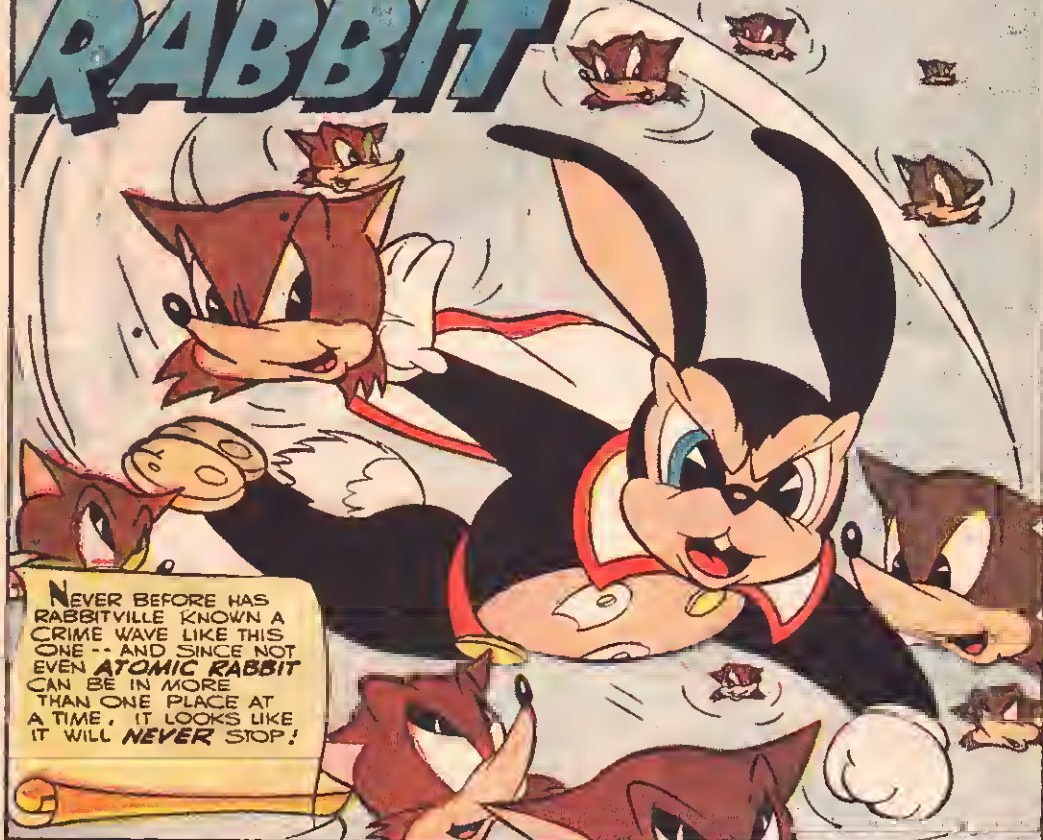


END

ATOMIC RABBIT

IN

"FOXES, FOXES,
EVERYWHERE"



NEVER BEFORE HAS
RABBITVILLE KNOWN A
CRIME WAVE LIKE THIS
ONE -- AND SINCE NOT
EVEN **ATOMIC RABBIT**
CAN BE IN MORE
THAN ONE PLACE AT
A TIME, IT LOOKS LIKE
IT WILL **NEVER STOP!**



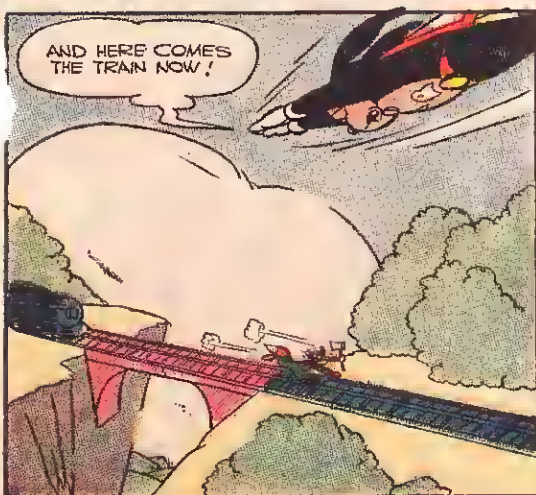
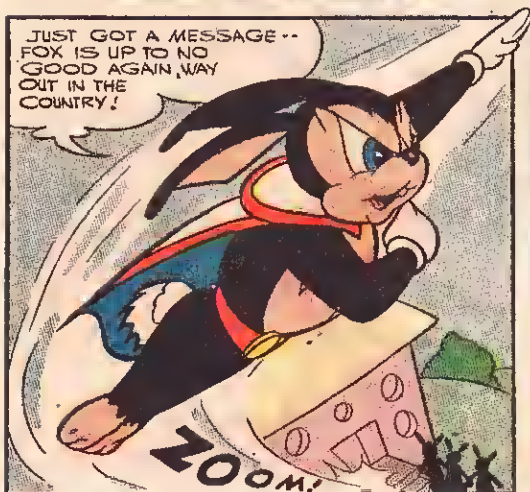
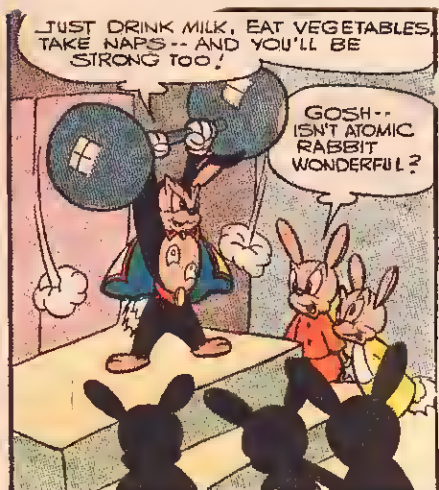
HI, POPS --
WHAT'RE YOU
SO HAPPY
ABOUT?

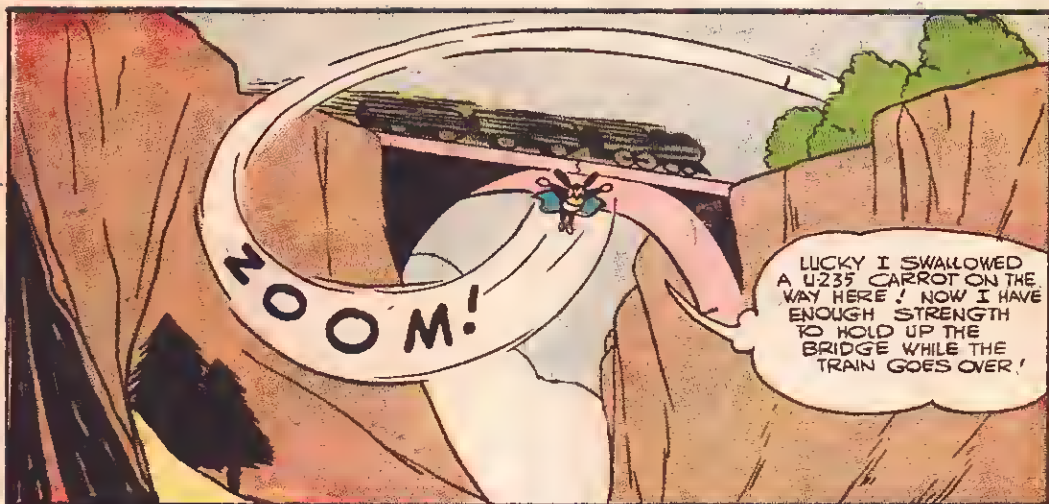
LOOK
WHO'S HERE,
KIDS! AND
YOU'LL SEE...



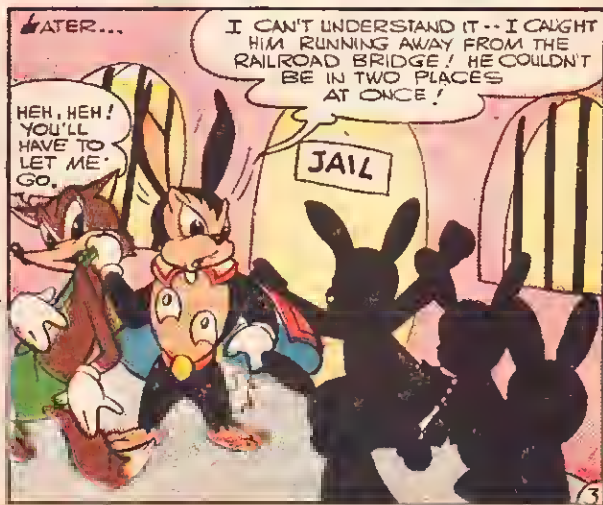
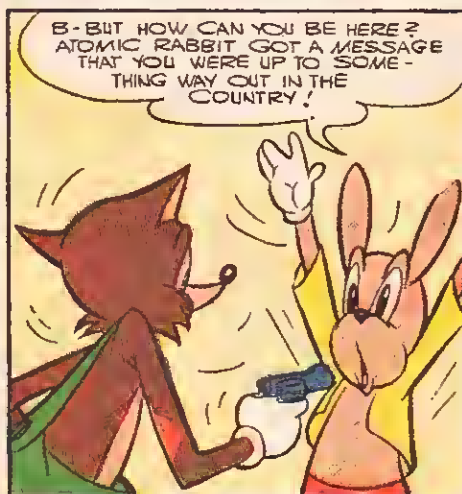
-- WHY **ATOMIC**
RABBIT WILL
NEVER TROUBLE
US AGAIN!

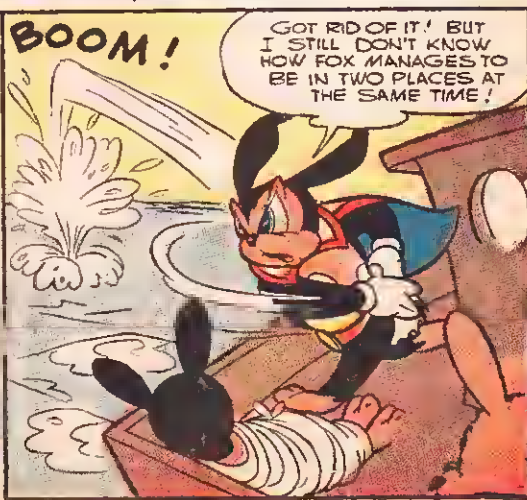
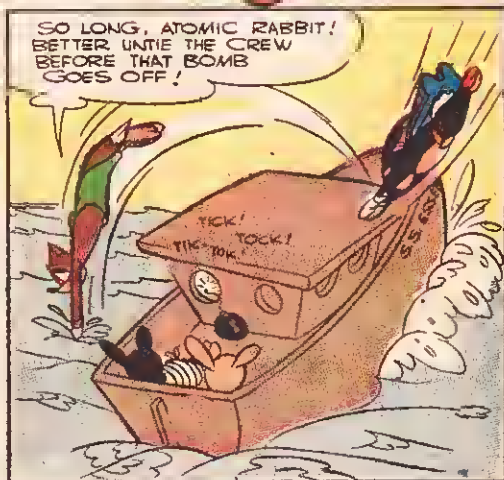
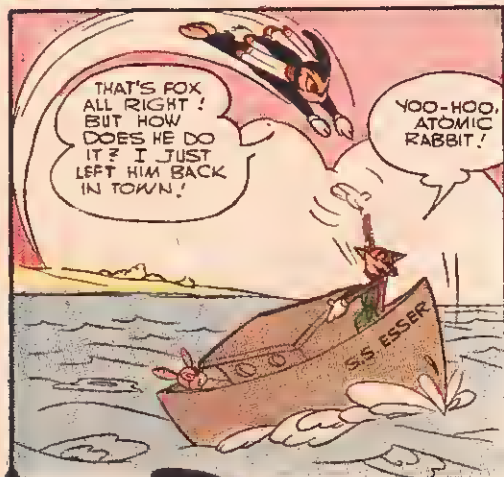
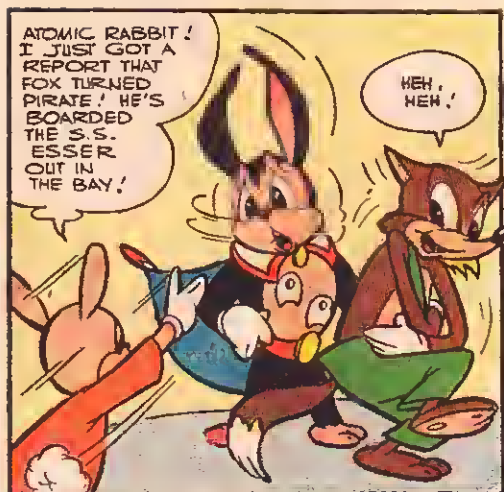
WATER
IN
RABBIT-
VILLE...

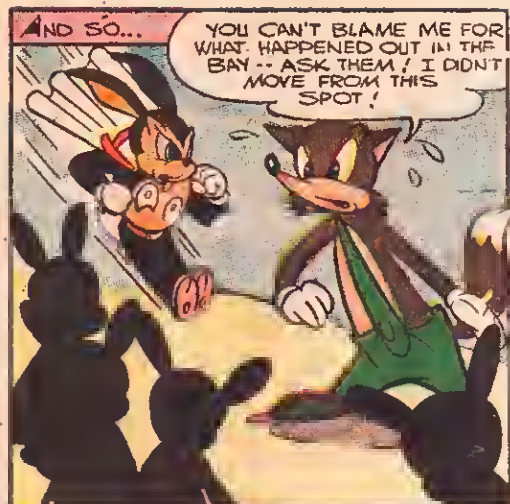




AT THAT VERY MOMENT, FAR AWAY IN RABBIT-VILLE...

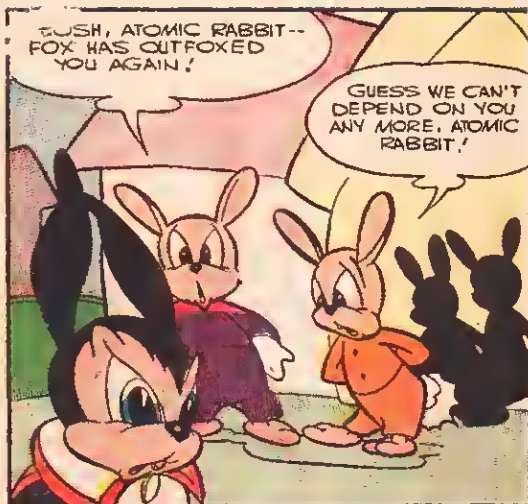






AND SO...

YOU CAN'T BLAME ME FOR WHAT HAPPENED OUT IN THE BAY -- ASK THEM! I DIDN'T MOVE FROM THIS SPOT!



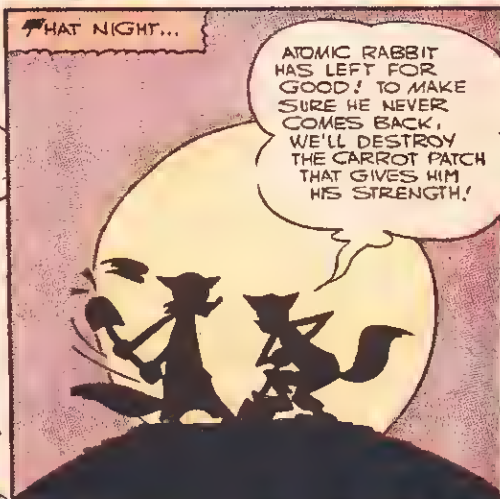
WUSH, ATOMIC RABBIT -- FOX HAS OUTFOXED YOU AGAIN!

GUESS WE CAN'T DEPEND ON YOU ANY MORE, ATOMIC RABBIT!



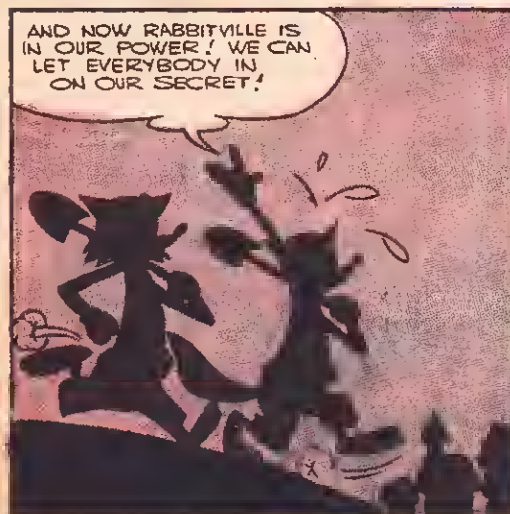
NO USE OF MY HANGING AROUND RABBITVILLE IF I CAN'T BE OF ANY HELP! GOODBYE, FRIENDS!

HEH-HEH-HEH!

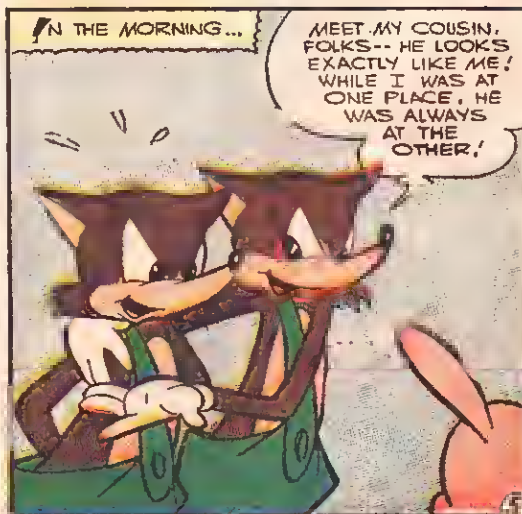


THAT NIGHT...

ATOMIC RABBIT HAS LEFT FOR GOOD! TO MAKE SURE HE NEVER COMES BACK, WE'LL DESTROY THE CARROT PATCH THAT GIVES HIM HIS STRENGTH!

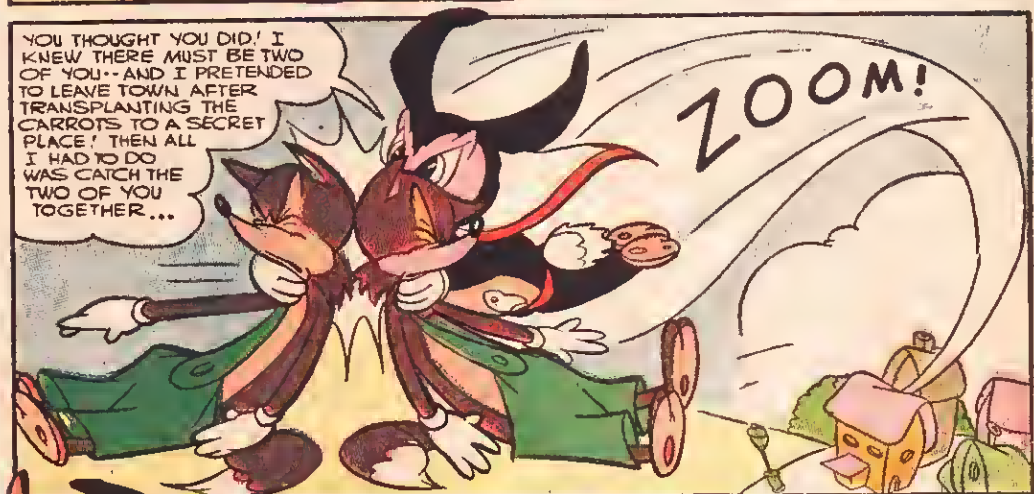
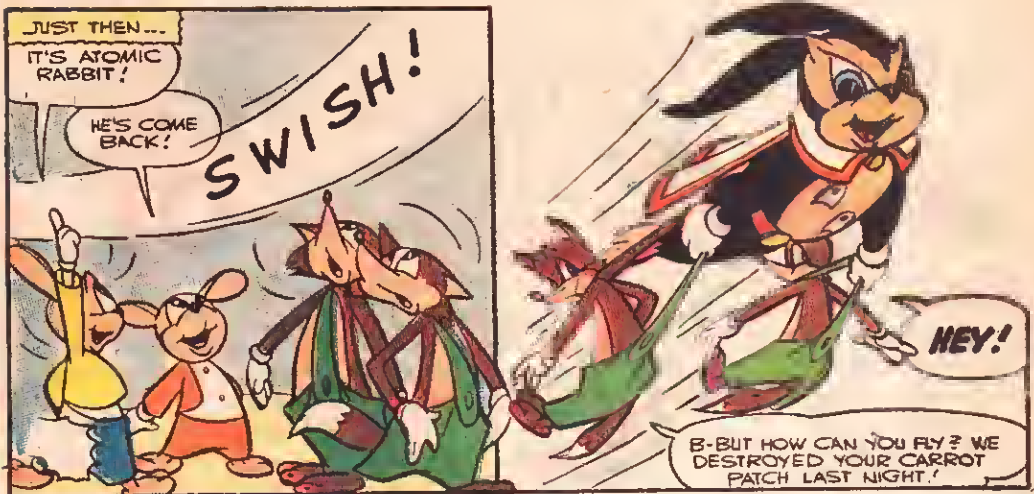


AND NOW RABBITVILLE IS IN OUR POWER! WE CAN LET EVERYBODY IN ON OUR SECRET!



IN THE MORNING...

MEET MY COUSIN, FOLKS -- HE LOOKS EXACTLY LIKE ME! WHILE I WAS AT ONE PLACE, HE WAS ALWAYS AT THE OTHER!



PERRY POLECAT'S GUN



By R. R. Symes



IT was such a nice sunny day that Perry Polecat decided to take a walk. His papa was at work and his mama had gone shopping. There was nobody home to tell him he should not go for a walk.

Perry started off, making a sort of tunnel through the tall, wild grass that towered above his black head. Perry carried his head high. He was very proud of his ability to walk for he had learned how only a few days before. He was very anxious to see the world.

He had progressed only a dozen yards when he suddenly came to an open space where there was no grass. The earth was brown and hard. The sunlight was bright in this space and as Perry emerged from his dark green tunnel, he blinked his eyes. He couldn't see too well at first. It was like coming out of a darkened movie into the high noon light. When he could see all right, he walked proudly into the open space. He was sure there was no danger. He had looked to the right. He had seen nothing. He had looked to the left. Nothing there.

That's what mama had told him: "Perry, be careful crossing open spaces. Always look both ways. Look to the right. And look to the left. And—" *what was that other thing mama always said? Oh, yes! "Look behind!"*

Perry looked behind and nearly jumped out of his skin. Something very black and frightening with four legs and a long bushy tail was right behind him! Little Perry started to run and the black thing followed him, right behind. Perry stopped and froze. He squeezed his eyes shut tight. His heart went rump-bump-iddid-dee-dump. Nothing happened. He dared to sneak another look at the black thing. It was right behind him. It was flat on the ground. Little Perry started to laugh, "He-he-heeeee!" He was laughing at himself.

"That's my shadow!" he giggled. "I've been

scared by my own shadow!" He giggled some more.

His papa had told him a lot about shadows. "Son," he said, "a brave young skunk like you should never be scared of his own shadow."

"But," papa had continued, "when it's somebody else's shadow, that's the time to be wary. Be sure your gun is always loaded and that you can shoot straight."

Mama had said, "Don't you think Perry is too small to carry a gun?"

"No," said papa, "he can't hurt himself with it and the sooner he learns how to protect himself, the better for him." Papa had convinced her.

Perry was jumping and hopping and dancing in the open space and laughing at the silly things his shadow kept doing. He didn't stop till a voice said, "Mee-yow! What are you doing?"

Looking up, Perry saw a fellow no bigger than himself peering at him from a low-hanging limb.

"Hello!" said Perry. "I'm making funny moving pictures with my shadow. What's your name?"

"I'm Tommy Kitten," was the reply. "What's yours?"

"Perry Polecat. Say! What are you doing now?" Perry watched with great interest as the kitten kept scraping the tree bark with his hands and feet.

"I'm sharpening my claws," said Tommy Kitten. "And you'd better sharpen yours, too. Or else the Big Beastly Brute will come and eat you all up!"

"Oh, no he won't!"

"He won't? Why won't he? How're you going to stop him?"

"I'll just shoot him with my gun, that's what!"

Tommy Kitten showed great interest. "Have

you got a gun, honest? Does it shoot real bullets? Like a cowboy or a policeman?"

"Nooooo, not *bullets*," admitted Perry.

"Well, if its just a toy wooden gun or an old cap pistol, it won't stop the Big Beastly Brute from coming and eating you all up!" asserted Tommy Kitten, somewhat scornfully.

"Yes it will," declared Perry. "It's not a toy. It shoots spray."

"What good's that?"

"Papa says it'll stop anything."

"Let's see it! Let's see you shoot it! But don't aim it this way! Go on, I dare you to shoot it!"

Egged on, Perry Polecat got his spray pistol out of his holster, twirled it professionally, and then squeezed the trigger. A fine spray shot out.

"Ooooooooooh!" cried Tommy, holding his nose.

"What's the matter?" asked Perry, twirling his pistol and pretending to draw a bead on a villainous outlaw.

"Put that thing away! That smells awful!" cried Tommy Kitten.

"Golly, does it? I never noticed. Well, come on down and we'll play some other game."

"No, sir! Not with you!" cried Tommy Kitten, running farther up the limb and climbing the tree. "I'm not going to play with you, you *skunk*!"

WHEN the Big Beastly Brute came along and saw the little ball of fur beside the old hollow log he thought, "Ha! A kitty cat! It will make a very nice snack for me!"

His red tongue came out and licked his lips and his long white fangs in anticipation. He took one step forward, then stopped short. He had seen that the "kitty cat" was black with a big white stripe down the middle of its back. "It's a young skunk!" he growled to himself. "I won't mess with him!"

Then he noticed that the young skunk was crying. "What's the matter," asked the Big Beastly Brute.

"Tommy Kitten won't play with me," sobbed Perry Polecat. "It's because my pistol smells bad."

"It's not your pistol, it's your ammo," asserted the Big Beastly Brute, a nasty, crafty look coming into his big yellow eyes: "You

go to the perfume well and fill your spray gun with perfume. Then everybody will love you. I will love you especially, *chomp-chomp*!" thought the Big Beastly Brute.

Poor Perry was so unhappy and so eager to change his ammo that he failed to note the terrible look of hunger in the big yellow eyes. Perry followed instructions carefully. He went two blocks north to the dead chestnut tree, made a left-hand turn, followed the silver birches for twenty yards, turned right and found the Perfume Well straight ahead.

Dozen of wood sprites that looked like large butterflies were flitting about with their tiny buckets, filling them with perfume to throw on the violets and all the other wild flowers to make them smell nice. They were very kind and helped Perry fill his pistol with perfume. Young Polecat tried a practise shot and was delighted with the attar of roses his spray gun produced. After thanking the wood sprites, he went away singing.

His song was interrupted when he heard a cry of, "Meee-yow! Help!"

He ran forward and saw Tommy Kitten on top of a high stump. The Big Bad Brute was climbing up after him. "Stop, or I'll shoot!" yelled Perry.

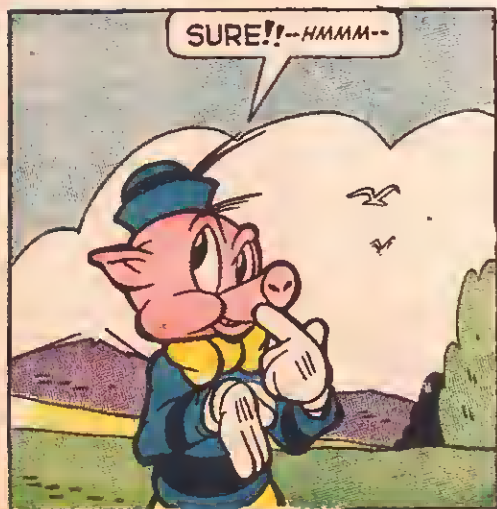
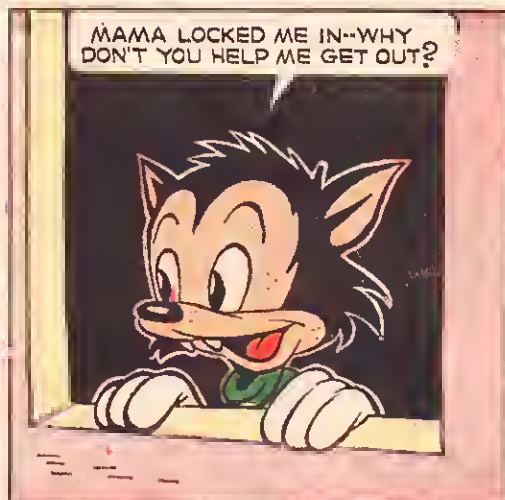
"Ha, you can't hurt me!" snarled the Brute. "Your gun is full of perfume!"

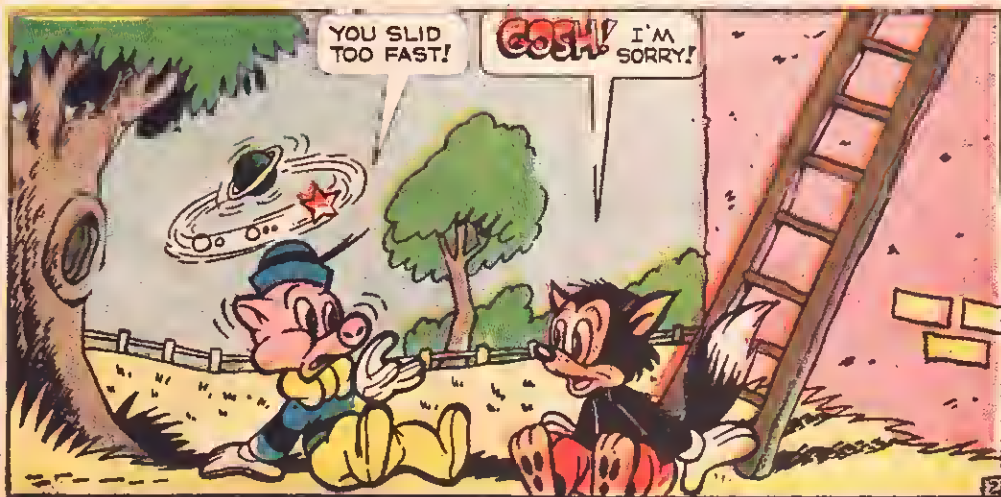
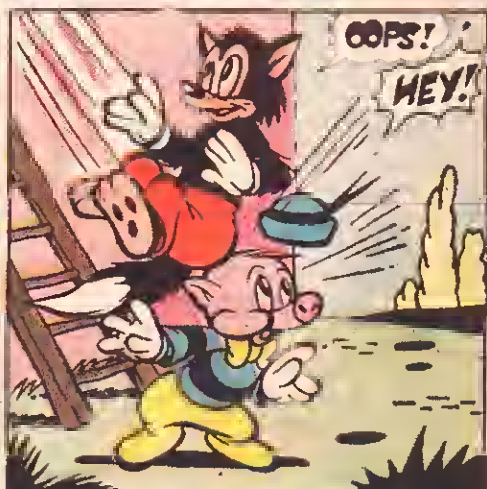
Too late, Perry realized he'd been tricked. He squeezed the trigger, anyway. The perfume spray got in the Brute's eyes and made him blink. It got in his nose and made him sneeze. Tommy Kitten leaped down from the stump and both he and Perry dived into the hollow log to safety.

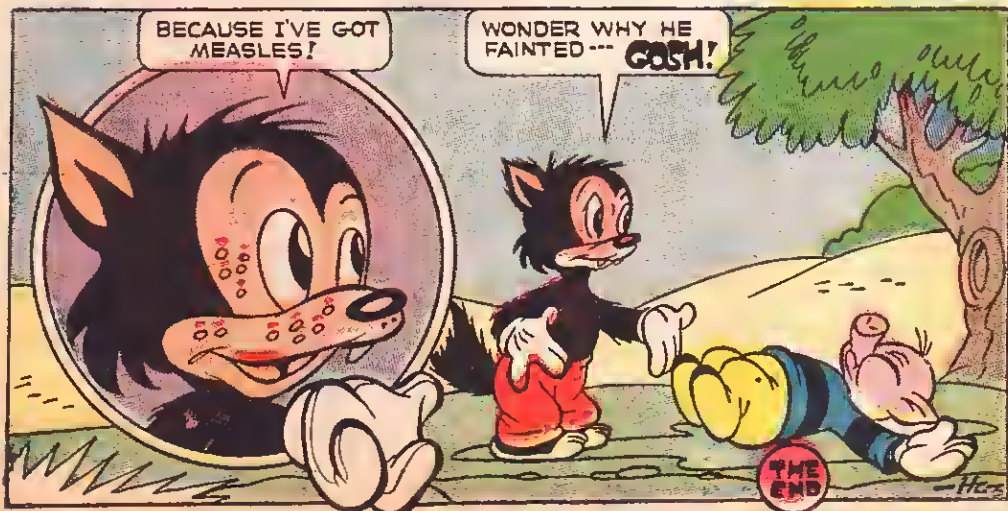
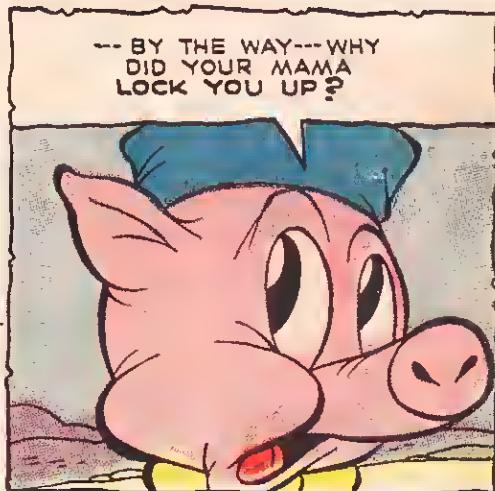
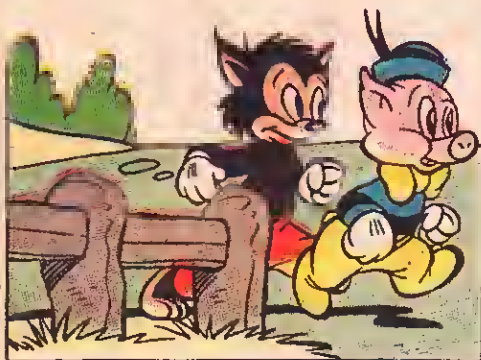
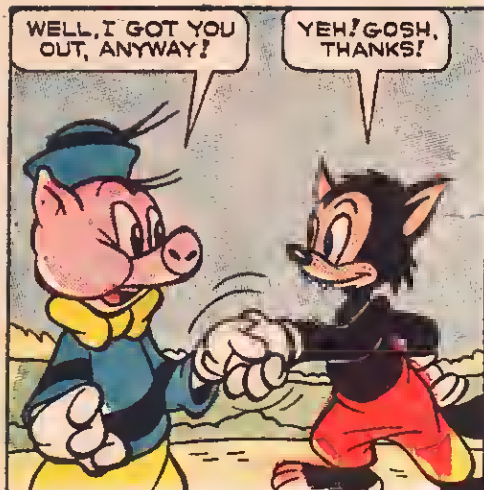
"I'll get you guys later," growled the Big Beastly Brute departing. He went straight to the poolroom to tell his gang how he had outwitted a young skunk. But when he entered all his tough pals said, "Sniff! Sniff! Woo! Woo! You smell like a flower. You're a sissy! You're not a Brute. You're a Petunia!"

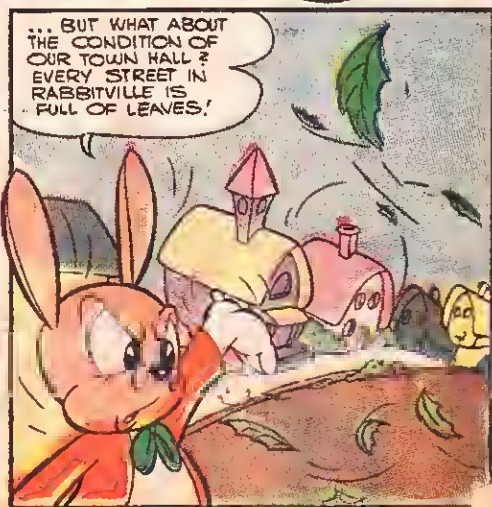
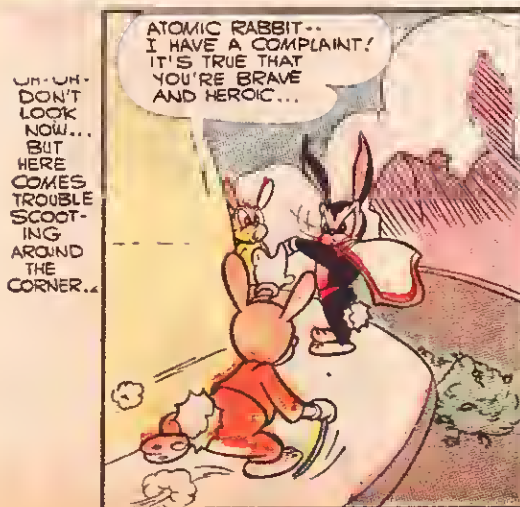
The Big Beastly Brute was so mortified that he slunk away and went to live in a cave up in the mountains and he became a hermit and lived on wild berries. And from then on Perry Polecat and Tommy Kitten could play games as much as they wanted to without fear of the Big Beastly Brute!

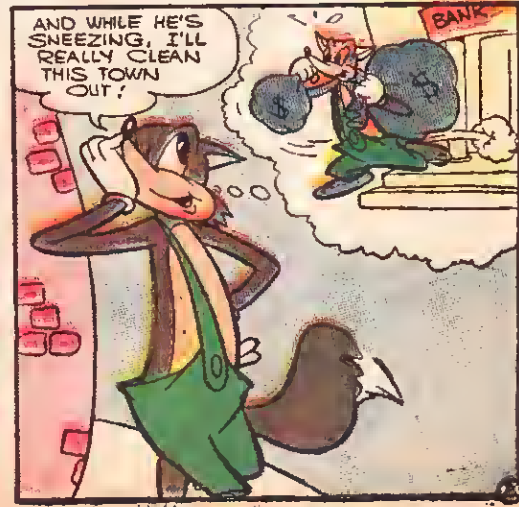
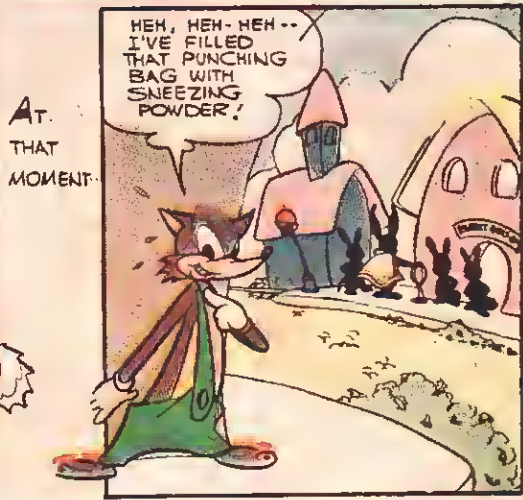
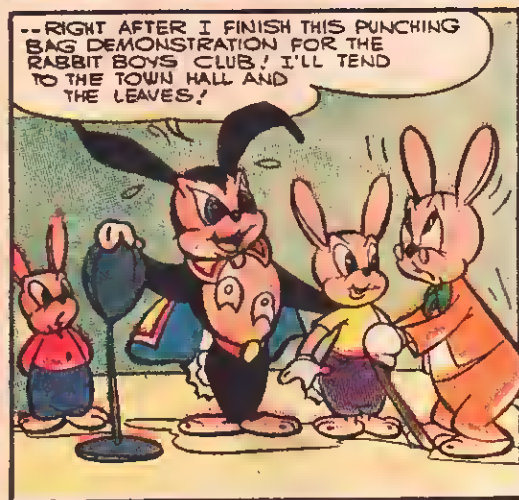
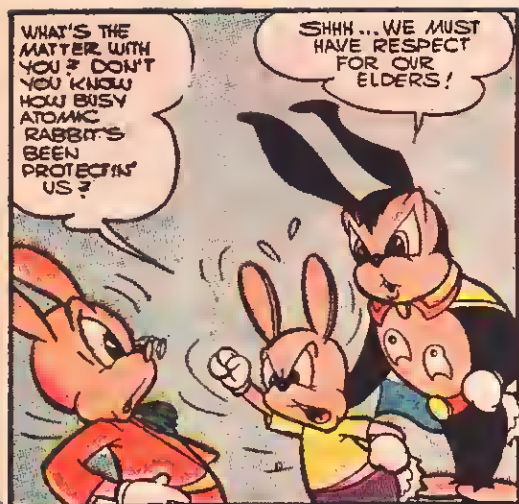
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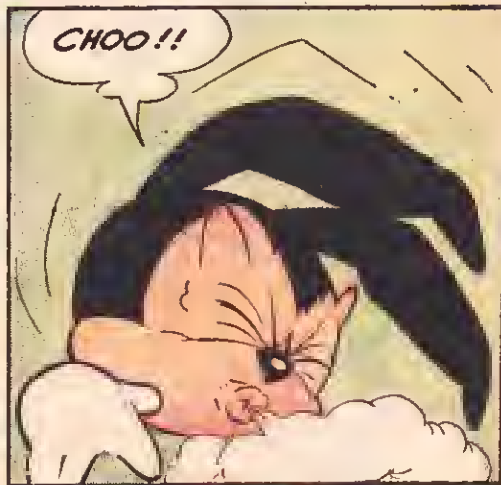
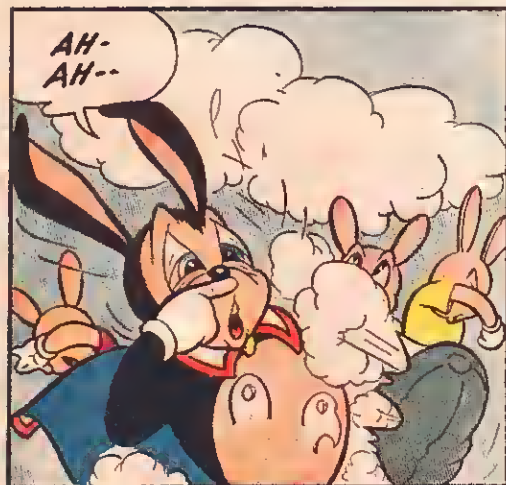








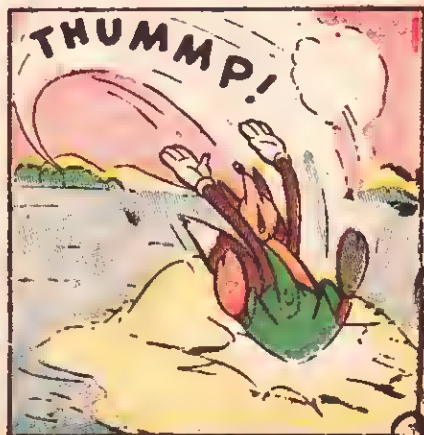




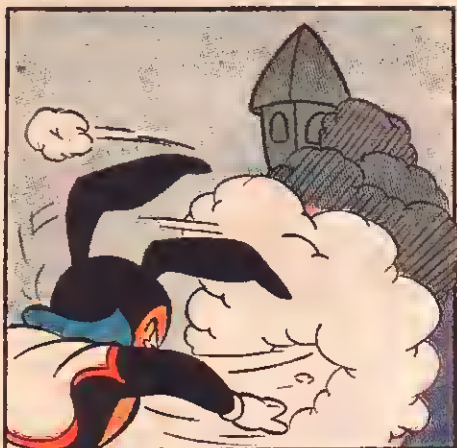
BUT DON'T FORGET WHO'S SNEEZING... ATOMIC RABBIT HIMSELF! AND THE FIRST MIGHTY SNEEZE, AS POWERFUL AS A TORNADO, SENDS FOX FLYING THROUGH THE AIR ...



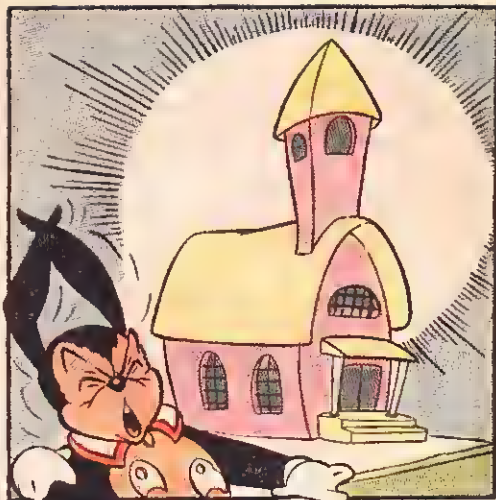
...OUT OVER THE OCEAN AND DOWN INTO A TINY DESERT ISLE WITH A...



ATOMIC RABBIT'S SECOND MIGHTY
SNEEZE SAND-BLASTS THE TOWN HALL...



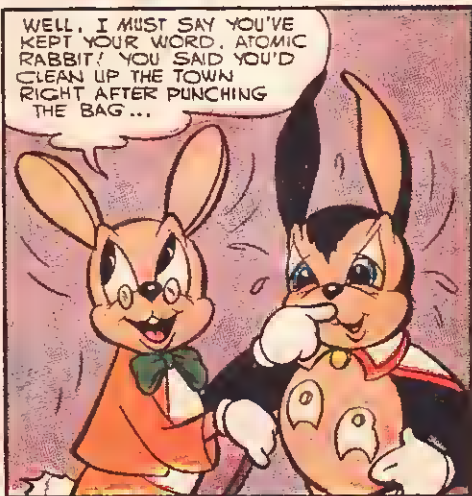
LEAVING
IT
CLEAN
AND
SHINY
AS
NEW...



AND
ATOMIC
RABBIT'S
THIRD
SNEEZE
BLOWS
EVERY
LAST
LEAF
OUT
OF
RABBIT-
VILLE...

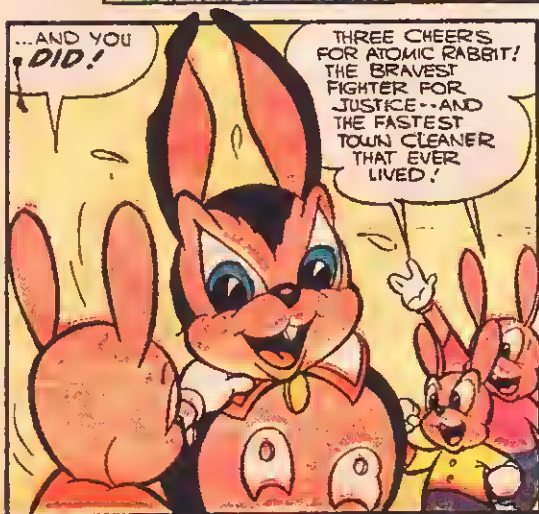


WELL, I MUST SAY YOU'VE
KEPT YOUR WORD, ATOMIC
RABBIT! YOU SAID YOU'D
CLEAN UP THE TOWN
RIGHT AFTER PUNCHING
THE BAG...



...AND YOU
DID!

THREE CHEERS
FOR ATOMIC RABBIT!
THE BRAVEST
FIGHTER FOR
JUSTICE--AND
THE FASTEST
TOWN CLEANER
THAT EVER
LIVED!



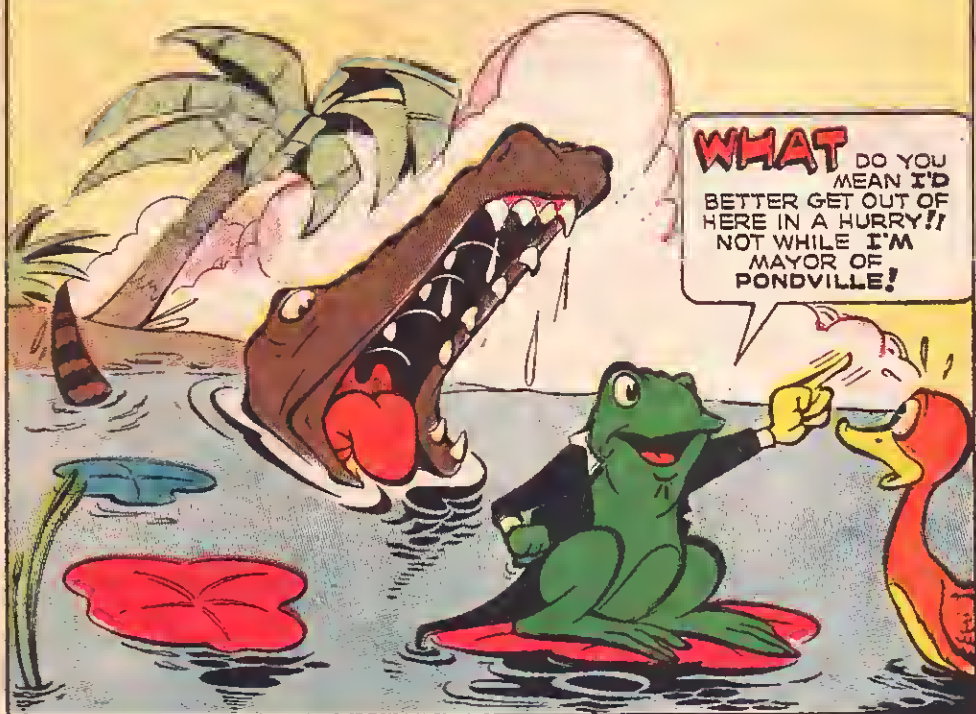
ATOMIC
RABBIT--
HOORAY--
HOORAY--



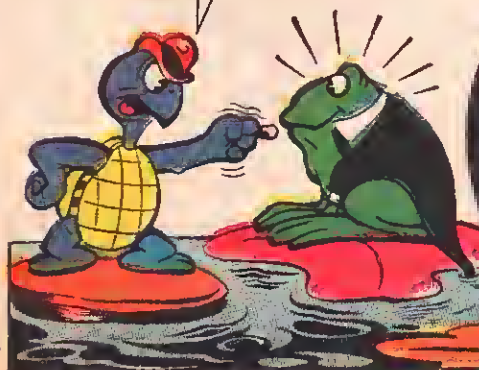
END

TUFFY

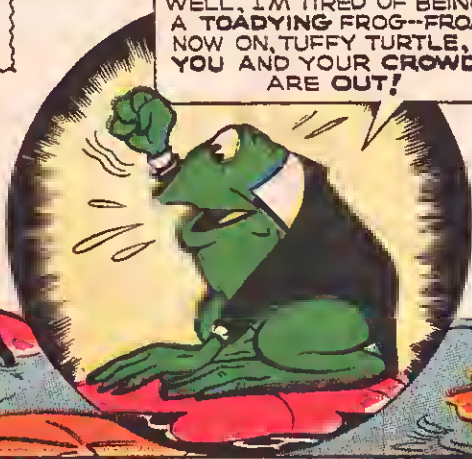
TURTLE

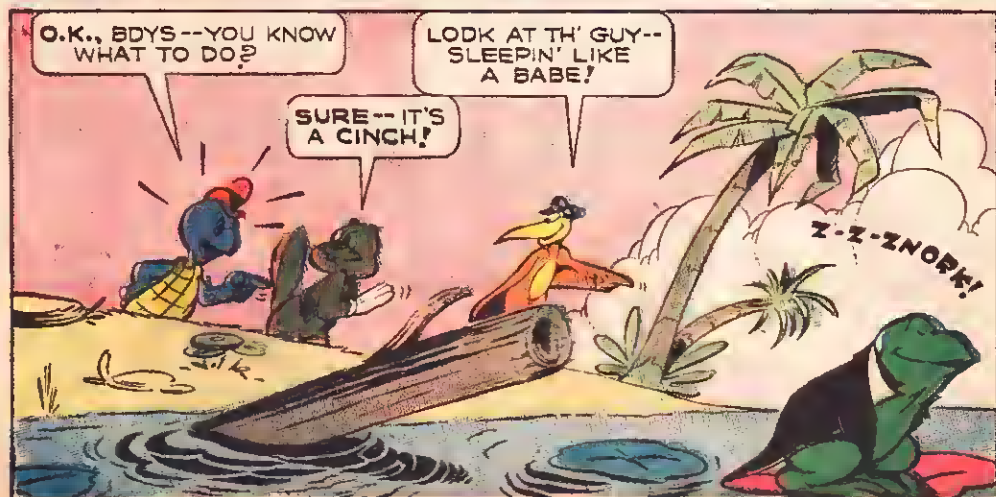
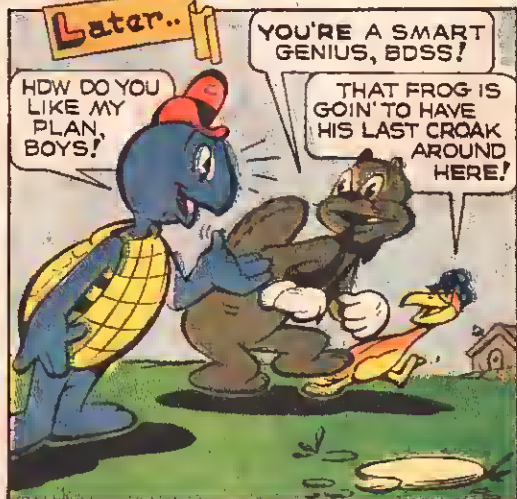
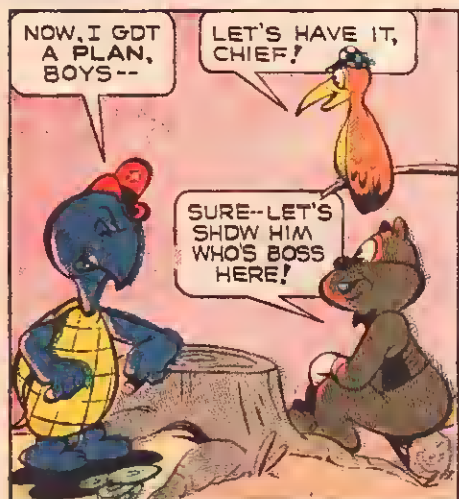
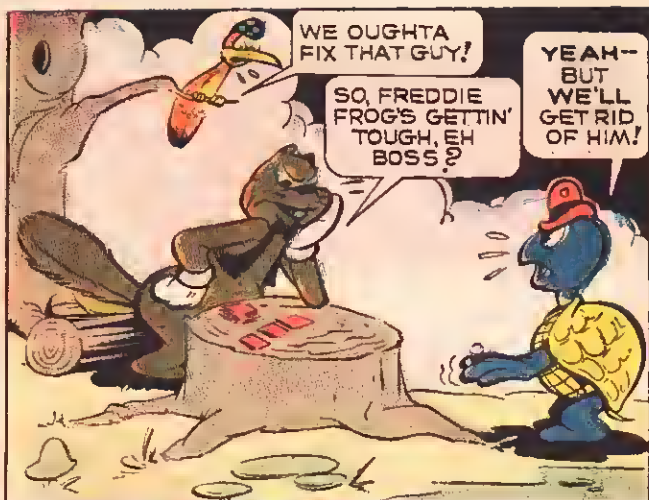


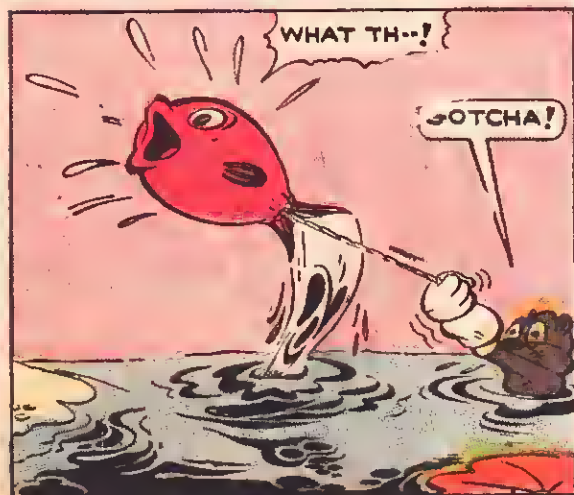
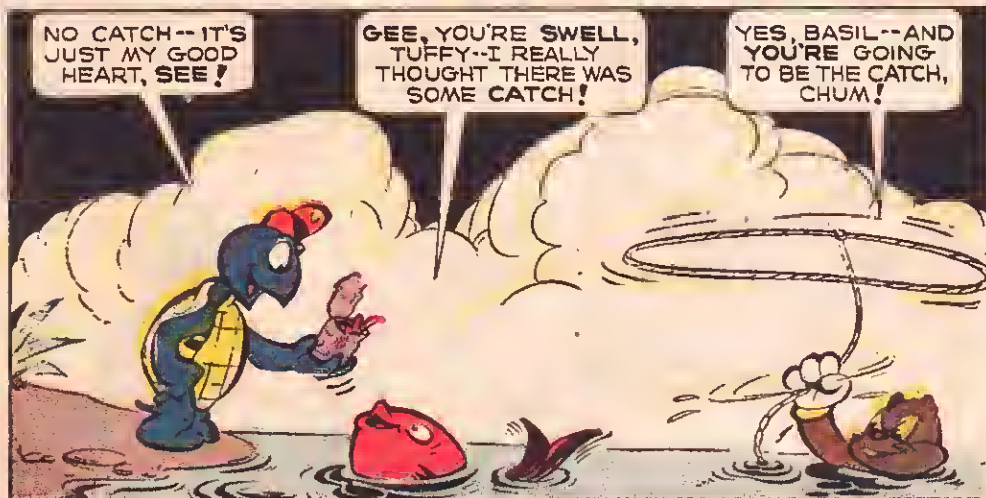
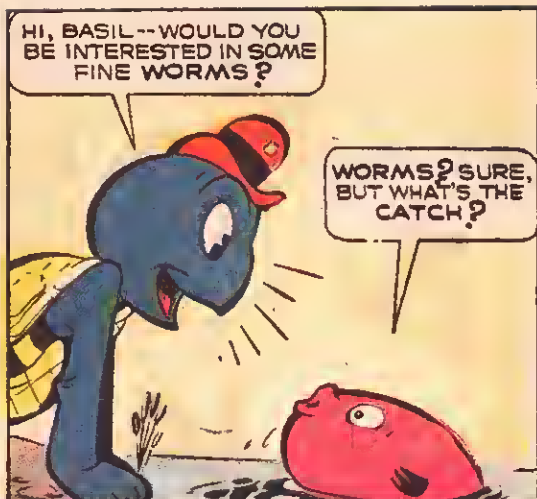
I'M RUNNIN' THIS POND, MAYOR FROG. SEE! AND YOU'LL TAKE ORDERS FROM ME, SEE!

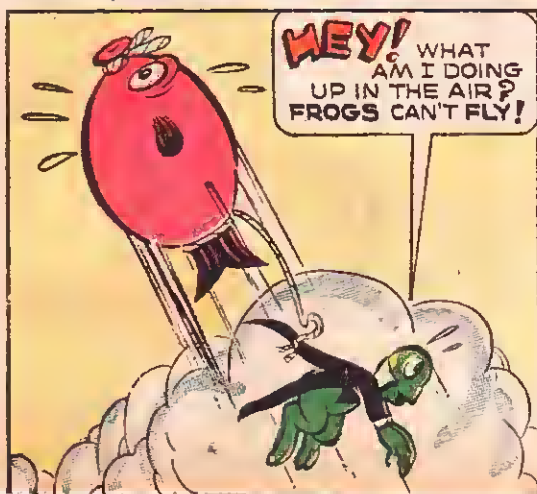
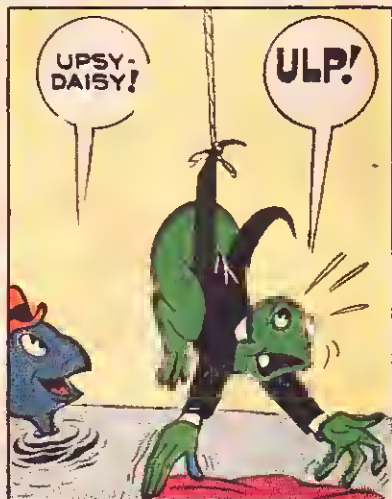
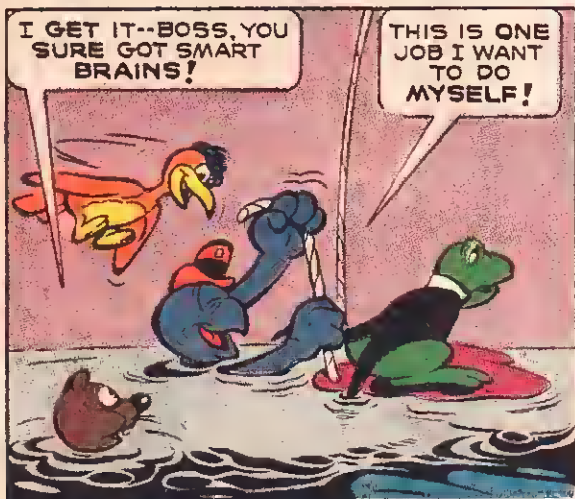
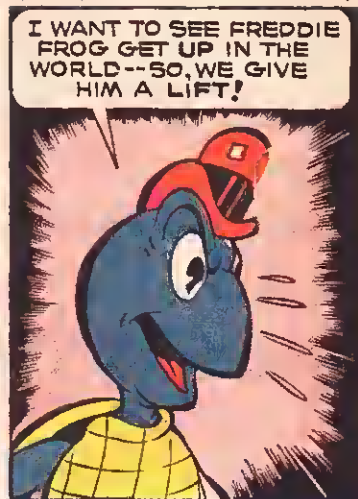
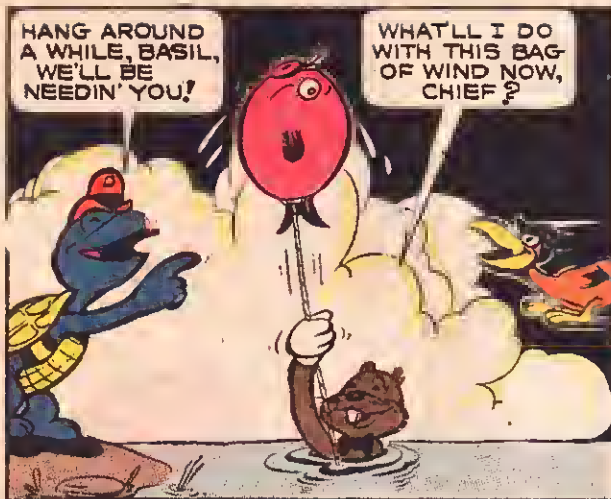


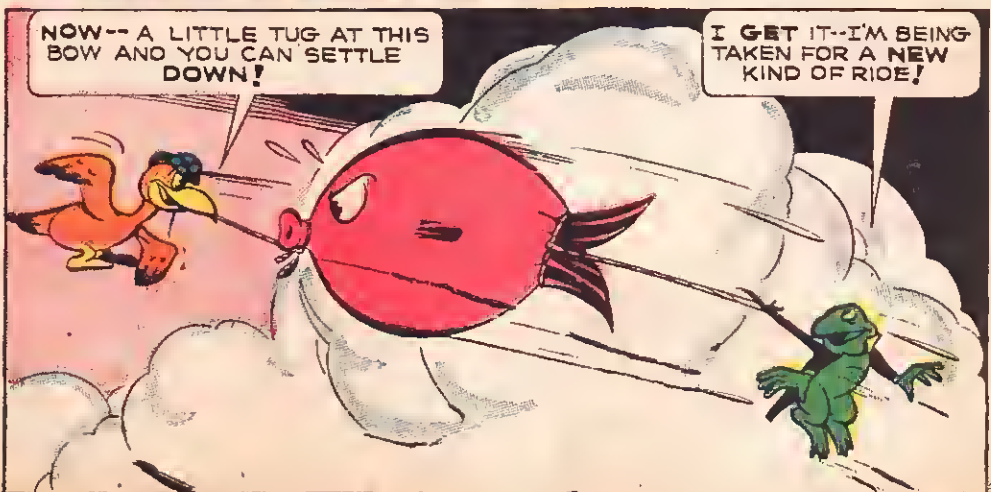
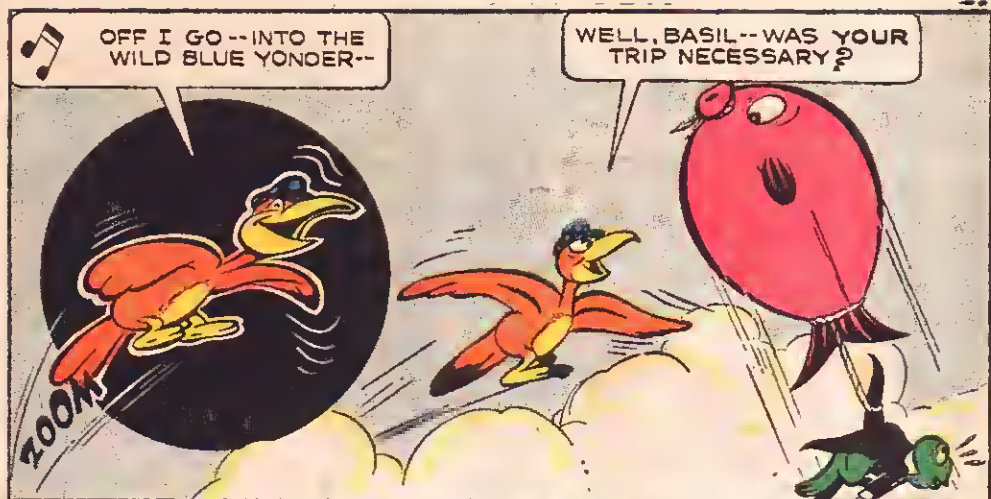
WELL, I'M TIRED OF BEING A TOADYING FROG--FROM NOW ON, TUFFY TURTLE, YOU AND YOUR CROWD ARE OUT!

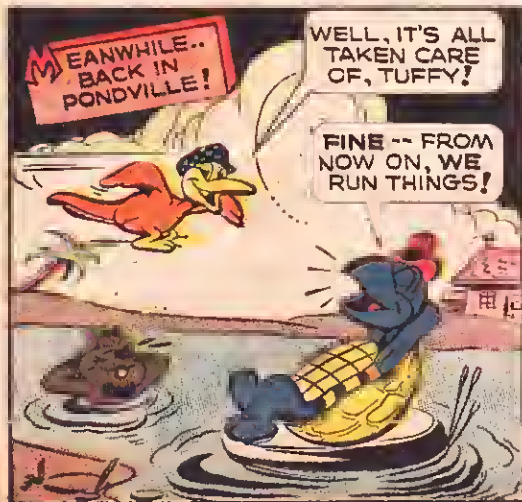
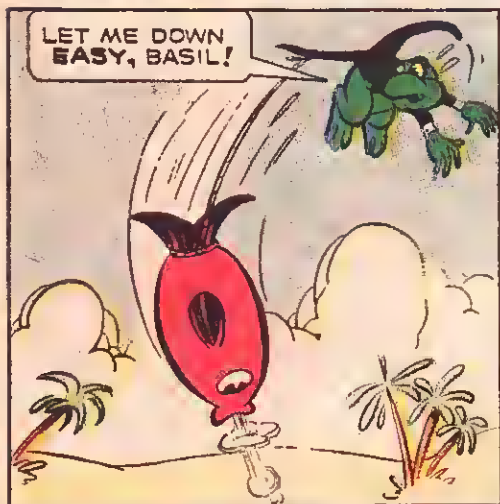
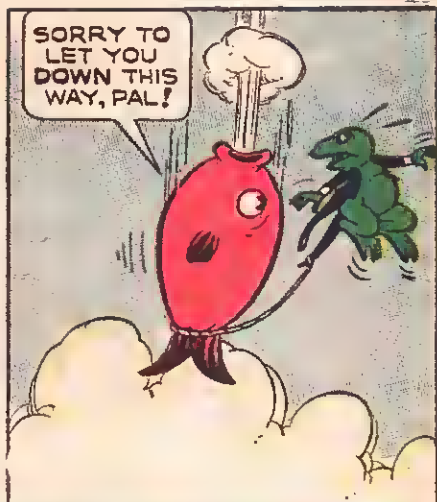
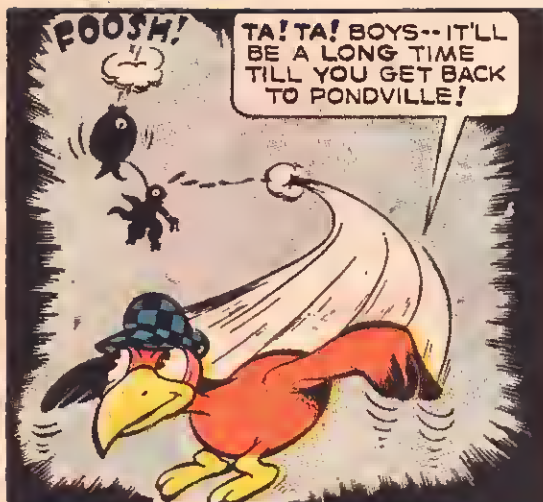


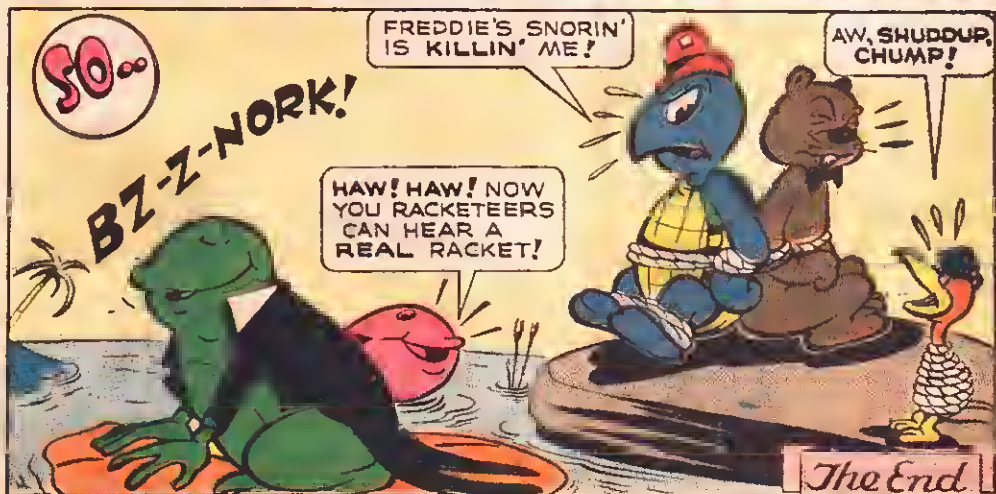
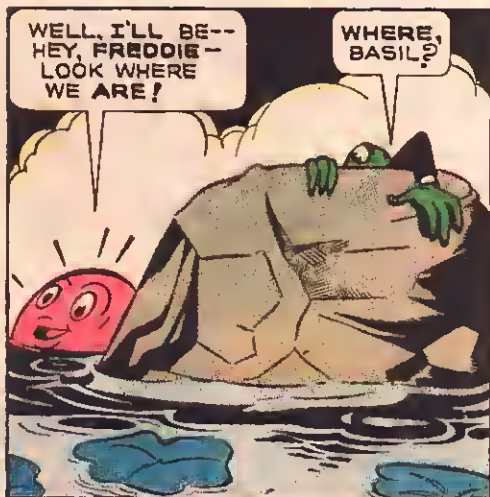
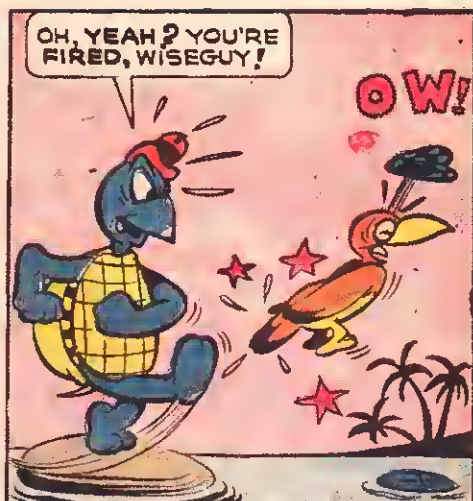




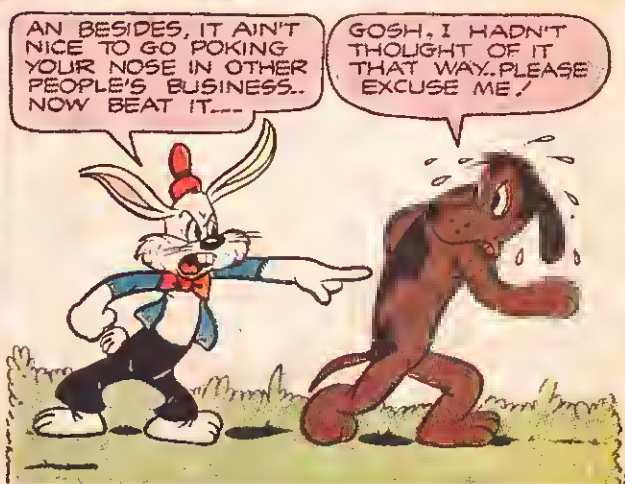
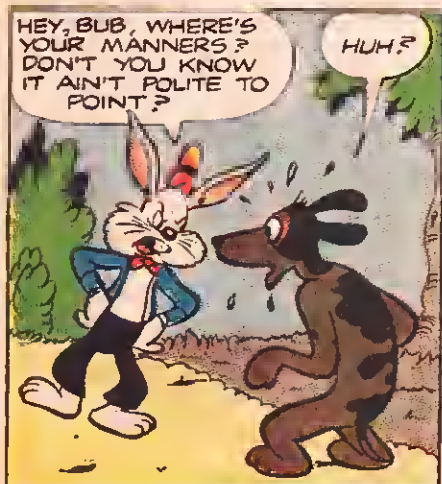
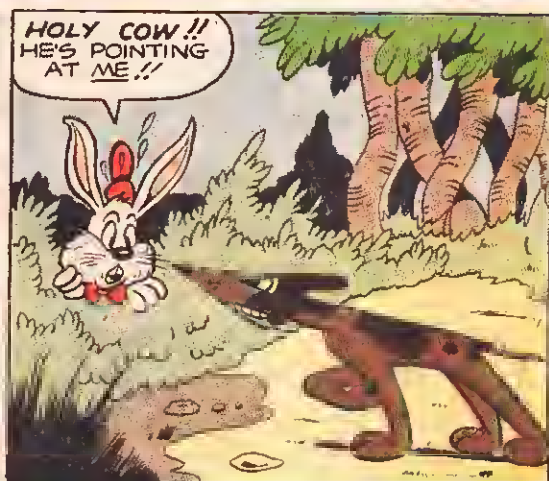
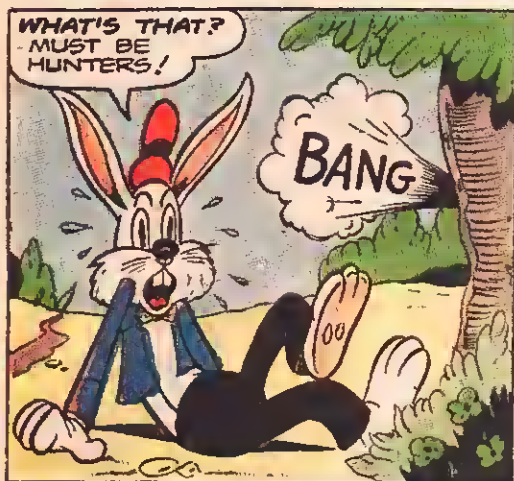
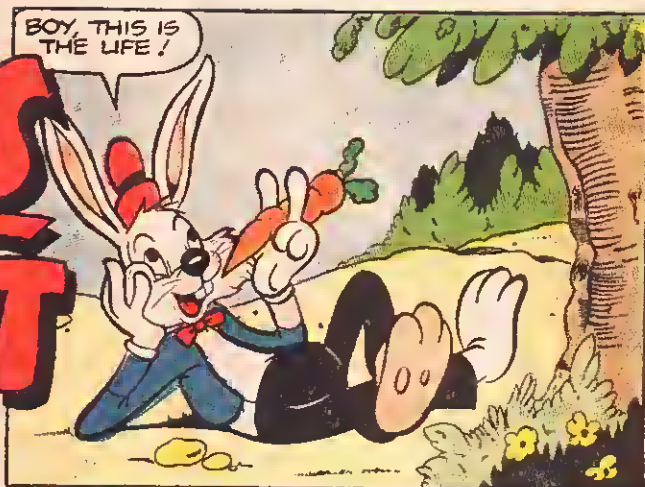


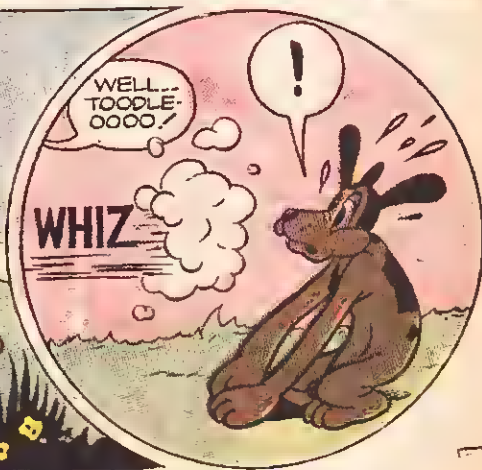
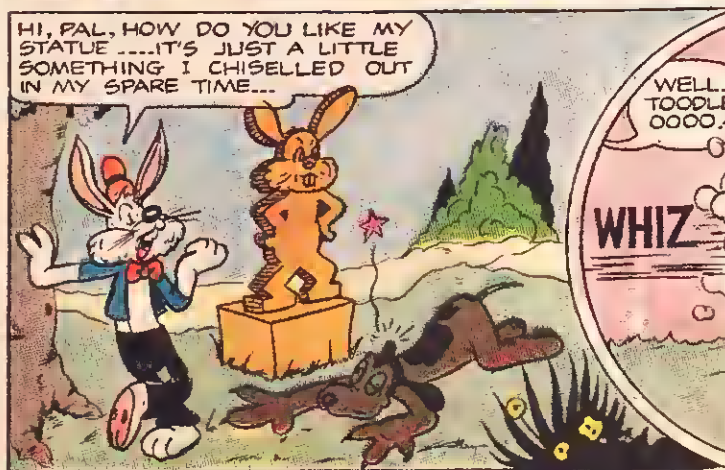
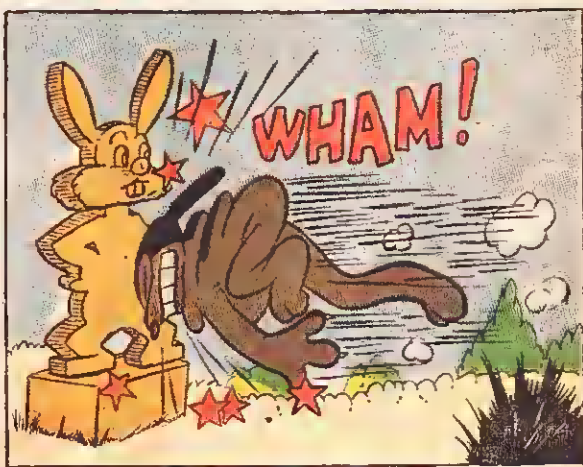
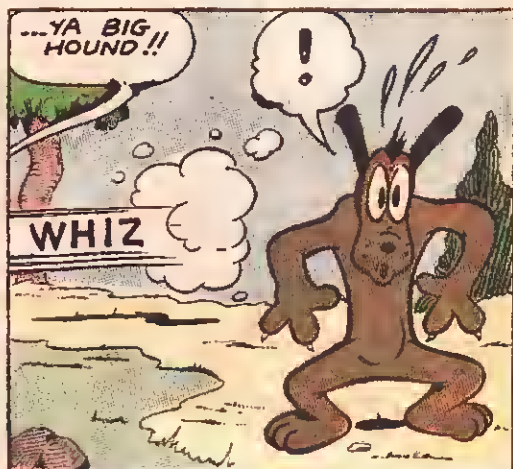
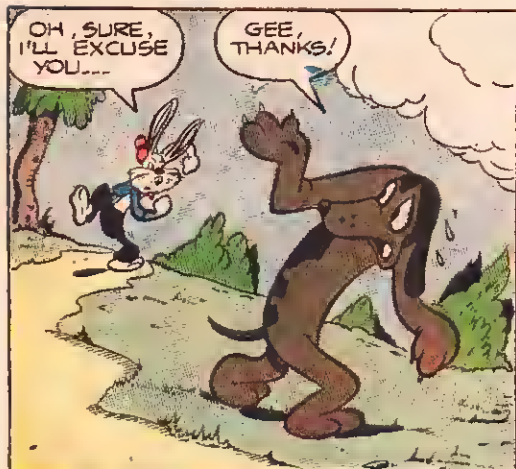




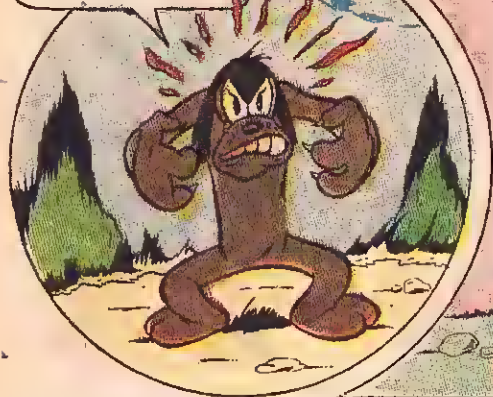


MUMPS RABBIT

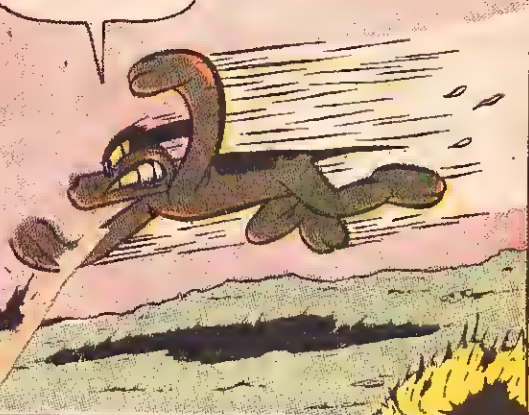




THIS TIME I'M GOING
TO MOIDER HIM WIT
ME BARE PAWS!



HERE I COME,
WISE GUY

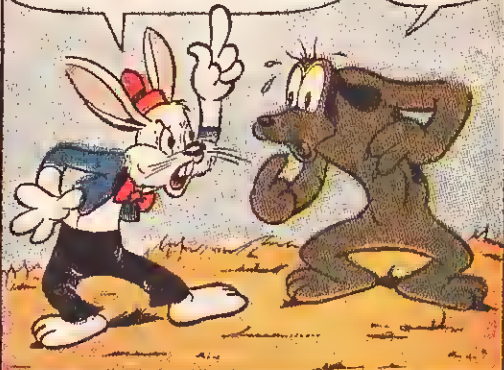


JUST A MOMENT!
HAVE YOU THOUGHT
OF THE CONSEQUENCES?



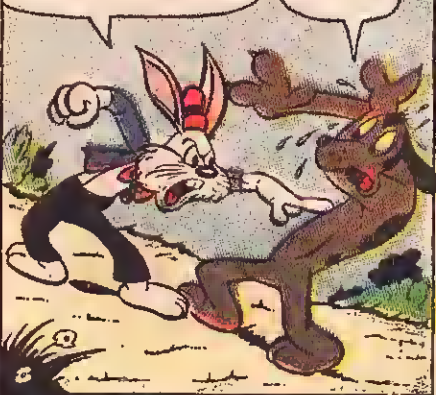
MOIDER IS AGAINST THE
LAW..YOU WOULDN'T WANT
TO BE STRAPPED IN THE
ELECTRIC CHAIR...

WHAT?



--AND THEN HAVE
THE JUICE TURNED
ON, WOULD YOU?

NO NO!!
NOT
THAT!



PLEASE! I
DIDN'T DO
IT, I TELL
YA!

ALL RIGHT, I'LL PARDON
YOU THIS TIME---

